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NEW STATESMAN

Tony Burke freed

BLOOD, MONEY AND THE NHS

Shell and UDI: new revelations/DPP goes out of control

South Africa: the reality of reform

John Bayley: Nabokov–Wilson Correspondence

Novels by Alan Sillitoe, John McGahern, Peter Redgrove

William Rodgers: Gaitskell remembered/Andrew Clements: new records

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The Zimbabwe purchase

LORD CARRINGTON owns some £2 million worth of Buckinghamshire. To understand African 'land hunger' in Zimbabwe may therefore require quite a leap of imagination on his lordship's part: but it is one which is necessary to make as part of any serious attempt to bring the war to an end.

The facts of land ownership and control are at the heart of the whole Zimbabwe drama. It was to retain the land that white leadership passed the Land Apportionment Act, which became one of the tiebolts of the UDI state. It is on the land that most Africans have to struggle for an existence, and in the countryside that most of the war is fought.

At present, the two vastly disproportionate black and white populations have 45,000,000 acres each, with the rather better land held by the whites. In technical law, blacks can now buy land in the white areas – but given the realities of income distribution, this dispensation is unlikely to alter a reality in which about 6,200 white farms operate a system of *latifundia*. Nor will it alter the picture of overcrowding and malnutrition in the African areas, where land sometimes carries eight times the number of people and livestock which it can support: a contrast made still sharper by the fact that at least three million acres of white land are not in use at all.

Lord Carrington seems to feel that this structure of discrimination should remain untouched for a supposed 'cooling-off' period of ten years – meanwhile proposing that any white land taken over by the new government should be paid for at an immense price. Newly independent Zimbabwe would therefore have added to all its other problems of reconstruction a gigantic burden of debt: the black Zimbabweans, briefly, would be made to buy back their own country, and it is not an imposition which they are likely to accept.

If the white farmers are to be resettled and reassured, the cost will have to be borne by Britain. We cannot readily afford it, but it is part of the bill for UDI, which was the result of our own government's incompetence and self-deception (see Martin Bailey's new revelations on page 577). Even if we have no care – and perhaps the Tories do not – for the conditions of Zimbabwe, the fact is that Britain will suffer much harsher penalties, economically and otherwise, from a continuation of the war. Might this be the moment for Peter Shore to break his duck as Shadow Foreign Secretary, by saying a word or two on the subject?

NOTES

Maggie's miners

Paul Routledge writes: The Government's shiny new backdoor incomes policy looks like failing at its first and most critical hurdle – the miners. A growing shortage of coal means that the Cabinet has practically no room for manoeuvre; ministers will have to choose between power cuts this winter or surrender to their old foe, the National Union of Mineworkers. The trouble is that coal stocks in the power stations and at the pithead are so low that any industrial action by the miners would have very rapid repercussions in the electricity generating industry. The precarious position of the Central Electricity Generating Board was underlined by its chairman, Glyn England, at a staff meeting this week in the coal-hungry Midlands. He disclosed that the CEGB is to double its expensive oil burn from the abnormally (and deliberately) low summer consumption of 2.3m. tonnes to 5m. tonnes in the second half-year to conserve coal stocks. With power station stocks down to 14.5m. tonnes and falling (compared with 19.9m. tonnes at the start of last winter) the CEGB has no choice.

That figure represents eight weeks' supply, but in practical industrial terms only about two to three weeks at the regular 2m. tonne burn; after that, rota disconnections would have to start. Stocks at the pithead are in a similar state – half a million tonnes down at 10.75m. tonnes, and not all of it suitable for power stations. With pit productivity stagnant, the Natioanl Coal Board is able to maintain supplies only by lifting from stock, a finite process that could not last much beyond Christmas. And coal now accounts for 75 per cent of the CEGB fuel consumption, compared with 65 per cent in 1974 when the miners last created a little local difficulty.

Against this background, the NCB has already offered to bring forward the date of the miners' annual settlement from 1 March. The dominant Right-wing group on the executive would probably settle for 1 January, making the current deal a 9-month one, but the Left will stick out for the conference target of 1 November. The NCB has not yet shown its hand on 'quantum' (as it is fashionably known in Hobart House) basic rate increases. The union is asking for rises of 35 to 63 per cent, with a new minimum of £140 a week at the coalface. With coal so scarce and oil prices rising, the miners are in a very strong bargaining position.

Perhaps that is why the Cabinet hawks with unhappy memories of the Heath-NUM debacle are trying to get their own back by savaging the industry's long-term future, *Plan for Coal*. John Moore MP, Minister for Coal at the Department of Energy, has redrafted the tripartite plan. He has concluded that the £600m.-plus annual investment in the industry should continue. Hard-line ministers in Cabinet are not satisfied. They want coal to suffer spending cuts like everybody else. Moore and his chief, Energy Secretary David Howell, will have a chance to explain themselves when they meet pit union leaders and the NCB next Monday for another round of tripartite talks.

The Government is trying to impose an incomes policy in the public sector by refusing to increase cash limits to finance inflationary settlements. That might work in the non-productive (in the strict sense) public services. But the NCB can – and almost certainly will – put up its prices to pay for peace in the pits. And however much it may squeal, its chief customer, the CEGB, is largely a captive market. There is cheaper coal for import around, but it could only help at the margin. It looks like pay up or back to cleaning our teeth in the dark.

Lewisham's rights

Nick Davidson and Patrick Lefevre write: After much legal wrangling St John's Hospital in Lewisham, South London, closed this week quietly enough. The health commissioners in charge of the Lambeth, Southwark and Lewisham area health authority had determined that the temporary closure was necessary as part of their retrenchment programme, and a High Court action by the borough of Lewisham on behalf of the local community health council to stop the closure pending consultation, failed to win support from the judge. Yet this is by no means the end of the story. In the next couple of weeks the three London boroughs covered by the health authority plan a second High Court action which will challenge the legality of the health commissioners themselves. If they are successful it could render void all the commissioners' decisions.

The commissioners were brought in under Sec-

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tion 86 of the 1977 National Health Service Act. This states that if 'by reason of an emergency' health services are not being adequately provided then the secretary of state is empowered to draft in a new management to see they are. The three boroughs, which are being advised by QC Louis Blom Cooper, argue that the government has acted against the spirit of the Act and that Section 86 was principally intended to cover such emergencies as wars or major disasters. This is plainly not the situation in the Lambeth, Southwark and Lewisham AHA where the 'emergency' results from a belief among former AHA members that it was impossible to meet the government's current spending targets without seriously undermining the service. The emergency is therefore arguably of the government's own making and the boroughs are not convinced that the government can turn a situation into an emergency simply by calling it such. Blom Cooper has advised the boroughs that 'there appears to be a reasonable case' that the government has acted illegally.

The first struggle in the High Court between the health commissioners and Lewisham council has shown the uncertainty of the CHC's consultation rights. CHC regulations say that area health authorities must consult CHCs on all proposals 'to make any substantial variation in the provision of services' except when 'in the interests of the health service a decision has to be taken without allowing time for consultation.' The High Court ruling made it clear that recent arguments by health authorities that temporary closures are not, by definition, substantial variations and therefore not subject to consultation, are wrong. The judge ruled that the decision to close a hospital, albeit a small one, was a substantial variation. One up to the CHCs. But the judge has also handed to health authorities sweeping powers to avoid consultation by invoking the 'in the interests of the health service' proviso. This let the health commissioners off the hook.

There is a ray of hope: the circumstances in which the judge made his decision were unusual. Lambeth, Southwark and Lewisham has been substantially overspending for some years and 'bankruptcy' was said to be just around the corner. Moreover the situation was not of the commissioners' making. Whether an AHA would be allowed to avoid consultation when the urgency of the situation was of its own making is another question.

Helping tax dodgers

Duncan Campbell writes: Astonishing government plans which are likely to cripple the investigative powers of the Inland Revenue are believed to be included in the package of 'cuts' now being discussed between Chancellor Sir Geoffrey Howe and the Inland Revenue Board. No public announcement of the tax office staff and budget cutting options has yet been made, but many of the proposals should be outlined at a meeting of the Inland Revenue unions on Monday. The principle target for the Tory axe are the new and successful Special Offices for detecting evasion. The five offices – in Birmingham, Manchester, Edinburgh and London – uncover evaders, primarily small businesses, and unincorporated companies. The most recent accounts show that these offices netted £6.5 m. in evaded tax and penalties during 1977, when there were only three offices. With less than 70 inspectors engaged on the work, their financial performance in finding fiddles and detecting concealed profits was superior to the remainder of the tax inspectorate.

Such zeal has clearly aroused considerable Tory anger which is compounded by the IR's recent attempts to further investigations by raiding and removing company papers, as happened with the Rossminster group. After a later high court ruling that such searches for evidence or criminal evasion were 'illegal' (presently under appeal to the House of Lords), the papers were handed back without inspectors being allowed to examine them.

Another section facing the Tory axe is the information service, part of the Inland Revenue's Management Operations Division: one of its tasks is the acquisition of information about property and share transfers and bank and building society accounts. Such information is essential in tax investigations – but it too is a target for the cuts. In the longer term, such information may be cut off at source by legislating to remove the present legal obligation for banks and building societies to submit returns of all interest bearing accounts. A further threat to the effectiveness of the inspectorate is the planned downgrading of the status and pay of tax inspectors doing investigative work.

Last week, social services secretary Patrick Jenkin thrilled the Tory conference with the announcement of 450 new staff for checking claims. Present social security overpayments written off amount to about £4 m., which compares rather unfavourably with the IR Special Offices (at least £6.5 m. on a total staff of 270) not to mention the total amount of undeclared earnings – estimated to be in excess of £10 bn. – which the Special Offices were set up to deal with.

No Scrubs investigation

Anna Coote writes: It appears that Scotland Yard will not now be investigating alleged criminal activity by prison officers at Wormwood Scrubs on 31 August (NS 12 October). A request was first sent by solicitor Alistair Logan to the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, asking for an investigation into the attack by a 'riot squad' of 300 armed officers on 200 defenceless prisoners in D Wing. Mr Logan, who is acting on behalf of 15 prisoners injured that night, received a letter dated 28 September which told him a senior officer had been appointed to investigate his complaint. However, he has since received another letter, dated 10 October, from a Deputy Assistant Commissioner at the Yard, which informs him that since no Metropolitan police were involved in the incident, his complaint has been passed to the Prison Department. Apparently, the police were only prepared to look into the matter because they thought the 'riot squad' mentioned in Logan's letter was a reference to the Special Patrol Group. Once they discovered that it was not the SPG, but another riot squad, made up of prison rather than police officers, they felt free to wash their hands of the matter.

Right loses head

Patrick Wintour writes: The congregation of the Labour Party's broad church may thin a little next Wednesday when Stephen Haseler and Roger Fox, leaders of the ultra-moderate Social Democratic Alliance, both face expulsion from their local party at a special meeting of the Kensington and Chelsea General Management Committee. The constituency' executive committee met last week and recommended expulsion. The charge against them is that during the election they produced a series of documents liable to damage the party's chance of success. In a quite loopy document *The Mutation of Labour* Haseler and Fox listed 43 'extremist MPs who have overtly associated themselves with extreme Marxist and Marxist-Leninist activities'. Proof of irrefutable totalitarian tendencies included voting against the IMF loan and the Prevention of Terrorism Act or writing for *Voice of the Unions*, Spokesman books, *Morning Star*, *Militant* or *Labour Monthly*. On occasion even giving a quote to the *Morning Star* was sufficient to damn an MP in Haseler's eyes. The *Mutation* also listed 20-odd extremist parliamentary candidates including Kensington's own Ann Holmes. Inevitably the Tory press used the document to advantage during the election. What stepped over the boundary was Haseler's call to Labour supporters to withhold their support from the undemocratic blacklisted candidates if Callaghan refused to distance himself from them. During the European election the SDA unconditionally told their Labour voters not to support Labour's Liverpool candidate who was a member of the Militant editorial board.

Haseler is arguing that the Party have not followed procedure and that if he and Fox are expelled they will take the case to the NEC, conference and the courts. The case is likely to become a *cause celebre* since some of the more right-wing unions such as APEX want to start expulsions of their own against *Militant* members. Moreover the local party includes such luminaries as Stephen Benn, son of the original advocate of the broad church, Tony Benn, as well as Victor Schonfield of the Campaign for Labour Party Democracy.

Meanwhile over at Party HQ all hell has been let loose over General Secretary Ron Hayward's proposal to cut Transport House staff by 20 per cent in an attempt to knock £140,000 off the party's forthcoming £1.4m. deficit. Hayward has particularly hit the research departments. Geoff Bish, the head of the tiny research staff, comments in a note responding to the proposals: 'Either the NEC continues to take itself and the Party seriously as far as the development of policy is concerned or we say comparatively little in terms of hard policy, but simply set out broad objectives – leaving it to Ministers and Whitehall to take real policy decisions.' The motto seems to be 'When in doubt cut out the brains.' The timing of the paper is especially poor since the forthcoming inquiry was supposed to be taking a general look at the distribution of resources between central and regional offices. The General Secretary, like almost everyone else on the inquiry, seems to have already made up his mind.

Behind Southall's justice

Nick Anning writes: How is it that the majority of cases arising from the Southall anti-NF demonstration on 23 April have ended up being heard in Barnet, 20 miles from Southall, before a single stipendiary magistrate rather than a lay bench of three? The official explanation is that where a large number of cases is to be heard over a limited period, with many of them contested, it's impossible to fit them into normal magistrates' court business – all the routine cases would be disrupted. So it's better to fix a particular court, in this case the rarely used No 3 Court at Barnet, and bring in full-time paid magistrates – stipendiaries – of whom there are 40 in London. The request to use Barnet in the Southall cases will originally have come from the Ealing and Brentford magistrates' chief clerk since all the Southall defendants were bailed from there at the time of the arrest. It is a question, as the Secretary of Commissions at the Lord Chancellor's Office explained, of 'matching the work to the people with the experience'.

The Lord Chancellor has the power under Section 27 of the Administration of Justice Act 1973,

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NOTES

to appoint acting stipendiaries for particular cases. That could qualify any barrister or solicitor of seven years' standing. In these cases it has meant allocating four regular stipendiaries from other inner London courts. The Lord Chancellor's office will have conferred with the chief London magistrate, Evelyn Russell, at Bow Street, or with the principal Chief Clerk of Inner London Magistrates' Courts. Whoever set the machinery in motion, the quartet handing out the sentences at Barnet have their wages paid by the receiver of Metropolitan Police, R. A. James. This closeness to the police raises some doubts about the partiality of stipendiary magistrates in such summary cases (i.e. no right to jury trial). The general background of the particular stipendiaries does not instil confidence either.

The first, Edmond Macdermott, served in the office of the DPP for over 25 years and from 1968-72 was Asst DPP, before becoming a stipendiary in 1972. On the London court circuit he is known as a man of politically reactionary views. The second, John Canham (with a 93 per cent conviction rate at Barnet) is generally known to have little sympathy for social security defendants. After legal service in the army during the 1950s Canham was in private practice on the SE circuit handling police prosecutions almost exclusively. He has rarely been known to acquit as a magistrate. The third, Kenneth Cooke (84 per cent conviction rate), worked his way up via a number of jobs such as clerk to magistrates in Lancashire and Yorkshire. He has been a stipendiary since 1970 and was made a recorder in the Crown Court in 1972. An ex-RAF volunteer reserve squadron leader, he has a reputation as something of an unpredictable character in court. Finally Peter Badge (77 per cent conviction rate) worked for a time at the solicitors' department at Scotland Yard. For two years before his appointment as a stipendiary in 1975 he was senior solicitor to the commissioner in N. Ireland and presented the state's case at the Detention Appeals Tribunal, where Ulster detainees contested the state's right to intern without trial.

Persons more known

Edward Vulliamy writes: The trial of four anarchists at the Old Bailey, now known as the jury vetting trial, is also this year's unreported political 'non-political' trial. Throughout this week political discussion relevant to the charges of conspiracy to rob and possession of arms and explosives has occurred at the discretion of Judge King-Hamilton. While the Crown seeks to divorce politics from criminality, the defence say this is impossible. John Melville-Williams (counsel for defendant Iris Mills): 'What is relevant is whether these individuals were motivated towards violence. The Crown have said they were so motivated because they were anarchists. What is material is the motivation that lies within their political beliefs.' The Crown's position is clear: Prosecution Counsel Michael Worsley said, 'Politics have nothing whatsoever to do with this case . . . politics comes in only one way – if the beliefs of a defendant are such that they were seeking to achieve some political end by violence or other unlawful means.' Problems arise over the interpretation of anarchism held by King-Hamilton: 'I don't interpret politics as including anarchy . . . anarchy is not political, an anarchist, as I understand it, is against law and order.' When defendant Ronan Bennett replied: 'That's the most simplistic view of anarchism I've ever heard. It's the kind of view the police are trying to pin on us,' King-Hamilton answered: 'Maybe on some other occasion we can have an interesting conversation about this – but not now.' Though Bennett has indicated that in interviews with the police he expressed himself against political violence he has himself mentioned the quashing of a murder conviction against himself.

The Crown case seeks to tie together a series of events and discoveries to construct proof of a plot to rob and to attack society. It's a course made possible by the nature of the conspiracy laws, which do not strictly require proof of a committed crime. (The defence failed to get the conspiracy to rob charge changed to robbery.) The Crown has established that there were two cash robberies from London supermarkets and a series of arms robberies which police seek to link with defendants Bennett, Mills, Trevor Dalton and Vince Stevenson. All plead not guilty.

When Special Branch and Harrow Road CID raided a Queensway flat to 'look for medical cards' and to arrest Iris Mills for the theft, they found documents in false names, maps marking nuclear installations and Crime Squad and Prison Department addresses, weedkiller, a copy of the 'Anarchist Cookbook' bomb manual and a list of chemicals which according to a Home Office scientist could make an explosion. Police have also found a rifle in the locked boot of a hire car to which Mills and Bennett had a key, which has been identified as one missing from a Lincolnshire arms theft. The car and Bennetts' and Mills' hands have been tested for explosive traces. Results were negative. The case continues.

Stopping the BP sell off

Christopher Hird writes: Dr David Owen's request to the Stock Exchange to investigate the government's sale of BP shares could be an ingenious move. The key regulations are the Stock Exchange's 'model rules' covering directors' dealings in company shares. These also cover purchases and sales by large shareholders with board representation in a company. The government is represented on the BP board by Mr Tom Jackson, head of the postal workers' union; the other government seat is vacant. This means there is an obligation on the government not to sell shares if they have access to information which might, if published, affect the BP share price. The Stock Exchange are understandably anxious to stop directors unloading their shares on hapless investors, when there is bad news just round the corner. Dr Owen has mentioned two such possible pieces of news: the government's decision on whether or not to prosecute over sanctions busting in the wake of the Bingham report (prosecution would almost certainly hit the BP share price) and relations with Nigeria, where significant BP interests are at stake.

A second area for potential Stock Exchange interest is the reduction of the government's holding to below 30 per cent. (The 20 per cent of the shares held by the Bank of England are the subject of legal action, which the Bank may lose.) Under Takeover Panel rules — which are observed by the Stock Exchange — 30 per cent is considered effective control. In the past BP have, when convenient, used the fact of their being a government controlled company to advance their commercial interests and some shareholders may have bought BP shares because it was a government controlled company. In both these respects, the ending of government control may not be in the best interests of the shareholders.

DPP 1 : NS 0

Duncan Campbell writes: In a brief hearing before Lord Chief Justice Lord Widgery last week, the Attorney-General was granted leave to bring contempt procedings against the *NEW STATESMAN*. The Attorney-General alleges that publication of an interview with a member of the jury in the Jeremy Thorpe conspiracy case (NS 27 July 1979) was an 'interference with the due administration of justice as a continuing process' – and was therefore in contempt.

Lord Widgery noted that there was no previous judicial ruling on the subject of jurors discussing the cases they had tried, and ruled that the Attorney-General's application to bring proceedings should be allowed. The case will be on a 'broad basis' with the Attorney likely to argue that any revelations by jurors should be forbidden.

The application was adjourned for evidence to be brought, and will probably be heard in January.

FREE SPEECH

Barely a day goes by without someone – Tory minister, Sir John Methven or newspaper pundit – telling us that there is a great community of interest between British companies and their workers. Consider then the case of the Imperial Group, makers of Wills and Players cigarettes.

There is clearly trouble in store for cigarette makers, with governments striking delicate balance between taxing the product as much as the market will bear to keep up their revenue and discouraging smoking as much as possible to improve the nation's health. In Imps' case the problem has been more acute as for years it was clear that the cosy arrangement under which British American Tobacco (BATS) agreed not to sell in this country could not go on forever.

So the Imps board, with plenty of financial muscle at their disposal and mindful of the importance of keeping their jobs and safeguarding the shareholders' investment, set out on an expensive diversification programme. This involved, in the main, buying other companies such as Ross Foods (1969) Courage, the brewers (1972) and the egg and chicken people J. B. Eastwood (last year). As a result Imps now make less than half their profits from tobacco, compared with over four fifths ten years ago.

Earlier this year Imps sold part of its shareholding in competitors BATS for £154 million. This summer it decided to spend some £280 million buying the American hotel chain Howard Johnson. As this price was some 80 per cent higher than the stock market valuation of the company, the offer was, as chairman Howard B. Johnson candidly admits, too good to refuse. The deal has yet to get the approval of various authorities in America – where they take a rather more combative approach to takeovers than Britain does. But if Imps get the go-ahead, now that the Thatcher government has virtually abolished all foreign exchange controls, there is nothing to stop the company shipping all its cash out of Britain to pay for Howard Johnson.

Sir John Pile, the chairman of Imps is paid £1,096 a week and is I suppose, one of those wealth creators of industry on which the Thatcher government is pinning so many hopes for our future economic revival. It is not, however, immediately clear to me how spending almost £300 million buying up an American hotel chain is an outstanding example of initiative and entrepreneurship.

Indeed, the Imps strategy does not in any way appear to serve the interests of tobacco workers who, every time there is an increase in tobacco taxes, are wont to troop to London to object because it threatens their jobs and whose union leader delivers lectures to the TUC and the Labour Party in favour of smoking. The future employment of these workers will be much better protected if Imps spend their tobacco profits and use their other resources in developing products which provide alternative employment. And, one might add, their union would serve them much better by making such a demand a central part of collective bargaining. Action to stop the Howard Johnson takeover might be a start.

Christopher Hird

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RHODESIA
Martin Bailey

New light on oil companies' 'assurances' over sanctions

Why Smithy kept smiling

SIR HAROLD WILSON – none other – has suggested that the British oil companies may have assured Ian Smith just before UDI that he had nothing to fear from sanctions. I can now produce evidence which suggests that this remarkable claim may be correct.

The possibility was first aired in Jorge Jardim's book *Sanctions Double-Cross,* published last year. Jardim, formerly adviser to the Portuguese premier Dr Salazar, said he visited Salisbury one month before UDI and found the Rhodesians displaying 'the utmost unconcern' about the possibility of sanctions. He learned that a few days earlier a senior Shell executive had arrived from London and seen the Rhodesian Secretary of Commerce. Jardim subsequently reported to Salazar that the Rhodesians had received from Shell 'the most express guarantees as to the improbability of an embargo on the supply of fuels.'

Jardim's story has been confirmed by Freitas Cruz, who was the Portuguese consul in Salisbury, and was present at Jardim's meeting at the Ministry of Commerce. Jardim also claims that a Portuguese engineer named Pinto Coelho told him that he had heard from a ministry official that a Shell director from London had given assurances that 'come what may Shell would continue to supply the market'.

The Bingham Inquiry, set up by former Foreign Secretary David Owen, confirmed that Dirk de Bruyne, who had just taken over as Shell's Regional Co-ordinator for Africa, had indeed travelled from London to Salisbury just before UDI, arriving on 8 October. (This was the day when Wilson first threatened Smith with sanctions.) De Bruyne, a Dutchman, is now President of Royal Dutch Petroleum, the chief shareholder in the Shell group.

Thomas Bingham, QC, reported de Bruyne's assertion that he was 'certain that he did not assure the Rhodesian representatives of the impracticability of an international fuel embargo on Rhodesia.'

But Bingham added that he was unable adequately 'to account for the confidence shown by the Rhodesians over oil supplies'. While it seemed 'overwhelmingly unlikely' that Shell would have deliberately encouraged UDI, it seemed possible that some comment of de Bruyne's may have been 'misconstrued'.

NEW LIGHT on this possibility now comes from someone who was a key Shell executive at the time of UDI. Peter Jamieson, as head of Shell Rhodesia, accompanied de Bruyne to his meeting with the Ministry of Commerce. He has been working for Gulf Oil for some time, and has just returned to their London office. Not without reluctance, he agreed to discuss the UDI period with me.

He says that de Bruyne made it clear to the Rhodesians that Shell would not break any British law – but that at the same time, he said that Shell would do what it could to 'meet its supply obligations'. According to Jamieson, Shell Centre in London never thought that sanctions would be effective, and de Bruyne, as the senior Shell executive dealing with Africa, believed that 'if one supply dried up there would be other suppliers which one could bring in legally'.

Jamieson admits that 'if you are a Rhodesian you like to put an optimistic view on the comment that "Shell hopes to meet its obligations", and you say, "oh well, they are going to supply us" '.

It is important to remember that no British sanctions order had yet been passed: Shell were assuring the Rhodesians *in advance* that such an order was unlikely to be effective. Indeed de Bruyne's attitude seems to have foreshadowed the complex series of 'swap' deals by which, in the event, the sanctions policy was undermined.

From Jamieson's evidence it is not fair to say that Shell as a corporation actively tried to encourage UDI. But the fact that certain key Shell executives apparently stressed the loopholes which were likely to exist under sanctions, no doubt strengthened the confidence of the Rhodesian Government in its fateful decision to proceed with UDI.

JAMIESON, as head of Shell Rhodesia, found himself in an intolerable position. After UDI, Shell Centre in London took the stand that Jamieson, as a British citizen, must obey the UK Sanctions Order – at least when he was outside the jurisdiction of the Rhodesian authorities. Indeed Shell lawyers warned the head of the Rhodesian company that unless he was careful then he might actually be liable to be put behind bars on his return to Britain.

De Bruyne: told the Rhodesians at the time of UDI that Shell would do what it could to 'meet its supply obligations' – and was later proved to have been absolutely right.

Meanwhile the Rhodesian regime had introduced new legislation requiring oil company executives to assist in the importation of oil supplies. Jamieson still has the original copy of the order that was served on him by the Rhodesian Minister of Commerce which threatened 'criminal penalties for non-compliance'. The unfortunate Shell executive was therefore on the receiving end of dire threats from two governments. 'Whatever I did,' he recalls, 'was wrong'.

Jamieson's position was confused still further by conflicting instructions from Shell Centre. The official position, he still maintains, was that he should do absolutely nothing to infringe the UK Sanctions Order while outside Rhodesia. But at the same time a key marketing boss from London had stressed the importance of retaining Shell's share of the Rhodesian market. At a meeting on 9 January 1966 Hugh Feetham told staff in Southern Africa that 'they would have to watch competitors' actions closely' and 'Jamieson would have to use his own judgment' if it appeared likely that a refusal by Shell to purchase supplies from outside Rhodesia would mean that other companies might seize this trade.

Jamieson now admits that this was at least 'a veiled invitation' to bust sanctions. But Feetham, a former manager of Shell Rhodesia, was 'basically a marketing chap, and like most marketing people he hated to see his company losing its share'. Jamieson therefore maintains that Feetham's instructions only represented his personal views. But as Feetham was a senior executive sent out from Shell Centre it is difficult to understand how his orders could have been interpreted by local Shell staff as merely his 'personal views'.

THE CONFLICTING PRESSURES on Jamieson quickly became too great. As a British citizen resident in Rhodesia he was being pulled in different directions which would have inevitably meant breaking either British or Rhodesian law (or most likely both). Shell Centre therefore suggested that he should hand over to a local man, and early in April 1966 Jamieson flew back to London. Unfortunately Shell was unable to find him a suitable post, and Jamieson therefore joined Gulf Oil in 1966 (becoming a senior marketing executive in London just a few weeks ago).

For Shell Rhodesia, however, Jamieson's abrupt departure from Salisbury was a convenient solution. It meant that the company could do all it could to retain its half share in the Rhodesian market without dangerously exposing its senior executive to the penalties of the UK Sanctions Order. *If* Shell Centre had really wanted to make an effort to enforce sanctions then it would have retained a British citizen as head of Shell Rhodesia instead of handing over to a local man who was less concerned to respect UK law.

Dirk de Bruyne's rise up the Shell hierarchy was spectacular. Clearly his performance as Regional Co-ordinator for Africa had impressed his board of directors. In 1972 he was promoted to become the Shell Managing Director responsible for Africa, and five years later he was appointed President of Royal Dutch Petroleum. De Bruyne is therefore now one of the world's most powerful oil company executives.

IN THE EVENT Shell's pre-UDI analysis of the impact of the oil embargo proved quite correct. South Africa and Portugal both refused to accept UN resolutions on sanctions, and this made it quite impossible to topple the illegal Smith regime by peaceful means. Shell and the other international oil companies were able to send in the vital oil supplies through South Africa and Portuguese-ruled Mozambique.

For the first few months after the oil embargo was introduced Shell Centre in London went to considerable efforts to stay within the letter of the UK Sanctions Order. Out in South Africa, however, circuitous routes were being introduced by Shell and the other oil companies to supply the Rhodesian market. But within a year Shell had apparently gone even *further* than its pre-UDI assurances to Smith: from December 1966 the British-registered company of Shell Mozambique began sending in half of Rhodesia's oil requirements in direct contravention of the UK Sanctions Order.

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JUSTICE
Rob Rohrer

Tony Burke is free: others may not be so lucky

Appeals procedure needs reform

ONLY AFTER a characteristic display of legal charade did the Appeal Court finally last Monday free Tony Burke – the Liverpool bouncer wrongfully convicted of murdering a 36-year-old homosexual last year. The Appeal Judges went little further than accepting that the jury's verdict was unsafe. They voiced no criticism of the legal processes that contrived an innocent man's guilt and sentenced him to prison for life (see NS 5 October). Instead, the 12 anonymous jurors at Burke's trial became the fall guys to save from criticism those who over-zealously pursued the course of adversary 'justice': the police, the Director of Public Prosecutions, an eminent QC, and the trial judge.

At the original trial the prosecution case had depended heavily on a supposition that Burke had abandoned his repeated efforts, seen by many witnesses, to stop the fight that led to the homosexual's death, and actually *joined in* the attack. This change of heart, the prosecution contended, had occurred out of view of most witnesses in a small foyer. The unheard evidence of a 16-year-old homosexual, Derek, flatly contradicts the prosecution case and establishes that inside the foyer Burke had still been trying to pull off one of the aggressors. Burke's original QC mistakenly dismissed this vital evidence as of 'marginal value'.

Lord Justice Bridges laconically noted that an application to have Derek's evidence called appeared 'hopeless'. He dismissed oblique references to this evidence by admonishing: 'You cannot invite us to speculate about evidence that wasn't called.' His Lordship also took the view, tacitly, that it wasn't necessary 'in the interests of justice' to hear Derek's evidence, although remaining unaware of its contents. (The 1968 Criminal Appeal Act empowers the Appeal Court to hear any evidence, irrespective of its 'freshness' in the interests of justice.) The Appeal Judges also endorsed once again their long-held view that they will not hear evidence if it was available at the original trial but excluded on counsel's advice: an appellant must abide by the consequences, however outrageous and unjust, of his barrister's advice, until he is rescued (if at all) by the Home Secretary.

Burke's appeal succeeded eventually because the discredited forensic opinion about the blood stains on his shoe could not support the heavy burden of proof. Mr Justice Forbes, one of the Appeal Judges, quickly grasped the significant weakness. 'There was,' he agreed, 'no scientific evidence that the marks were deposited at the same time'. (The spots and smears, the forensic scientist said originally, were 'consistent with a kick' *if* they had been deposited simultaneously.)

Those who mounted the Burke prosecution in the first place should now be required to answer the question: why was it allowed to proceed, at vast public cost, on such a flimsy ground? The DPP's office appears to have regarded the procession of witnesses who said Burke was trying to stop the fight as merely one more obstacle to overcome in erecting a case against the man.

At further public cost – hiked up by a battalion of prosecution barristers – the DPP resolutely pursued the matter of Burke's guilt in the Appeal Court. Burke's actions, they concluded lamely, were 'equivocal'. (He had advised the dead man's attackers that the police were coming and made remarks about closing the foyer door.) The strongest line of opposition to Burke's appeal centred on a witness, not mentioned in the trial judge's summing-up. This witness had bought drinks for Burke, his co-accused and the third man still wanted by the police and had subsequently heard Burke during the brawl asking for the foyer door to be closed. As Lord Justice Bridges interrupted 'so what?'

The prosecution quickly flailed to a close with the remarkable admission that, stripped of the peripheral matters of Burke's hidden knuckleduster (which was not used) and his 'equivocal' actions, their case, resting solely on the forensic opinion, could not support a verdict of guilt. Fifteen months is a long time to reach such an obvious conclusion.

Burke's appeal also illustrates the 'blind side' of justice. It is now widely reported in legal circles that Mr Justice Smith, the trial judge, soon admitted his error in not stopping the case. He had failed to appreciate that the forensic opinion could not meet the burden of proof's requirements. Did the judge convey his feelings to the Appeal Court? If he did, how is it an innocent man languished 11 months in Wakefield Prison while the appeal court processed his case?

Compensation – to which Burke is undeniably entitled – is hardly the issue. His experiences at the receiving end of adversary injustice have landed some awkward, but necessary tasks at Parliament's door. And it becomes all the more important to reverse current attempts (see p.580) to force the DPP from Parliamentary control. Without doubt, the Appeal Judges flagrantly ignore the 1968 Criminal Appeal Act empowering them to hear *any* evidence 'in the interests of justice'. Parliament needs to redraw the definition of 'fresh' evidence, and require the judges to take full account of evidence excluded on counsel's advice if it has a resonable bearing on a man's innocence. And finally, if a trial judge acknowledges he errs, there should be a speedy public remedy to ensure his unfortunate victims spend no more time in prison.

SPAIN

Keeping radicals in their place

Julie Flint writes from Madrid: It was completely predictable that the Spanish Socialist Workers' Party, the PSOE, would elect Felipe Gonzalez, its leader for the past five years, as its new secretary-general. By the time the party's 29th Congress kicked off in Madrid at the end of September, it was packed with Felipe's moderate supporters – largely because of a new system of representation introduced in the 28th Congress in May – and was very far from being a true reflection of the tensions that blew the party apart in May in a bitter debate over Marxism and, less publicly, party management.

What was less predictable was that the 37-year-old Felipe, who quit the party hot seat in May claiming a 'moral defeat' by the party's Marxist wing, would agree to come back with very little change in the ideological principles he had earlier refused to accept. From declaring itself a 'Marxist' party 'which understands Marxism as a non-dogmatic method' and 'accepts critically all the contributions of all socialist thinkers,' the PSOE now 'adopts Marxism as a theoretic, critical and non-dogmatic instrument for the analysis and transformation of social reality, accepting the different contributions, Marxist and non-Marxist, that have gone to make socialism the great emancipating alternative of our people.'

The adjective 'Marxist' that made Felipe so uneasy has been dropped, and the words are more ringing, but little of substance has been altered. Although the press is trumpeting Felipe as the 'great moral victor' of the 29th Congress he emerges rather as the great compromiser.

Has it all been worth it? Almost certainly not. The 29th Congress, since it did not reflect the balance of socialist opinion, could not debate, let alone resolve, the real problems of the May Congress – heavy-handed management, concentration of power in a few hands, lack of regard for the grassroots. As a result, many delegates came out of the Congress feeling bitterly disappointed. They had been promised a big debate on party direction and intention, but had been given nothing more than a shouting match.

Felipe started the ball rolling by denouncing the so-called 'Radical' wing – a wing wanting less centralised party management and as much emphasis on Marx as on Gonzalez – as 'crypto-communists'. The Radicals replied with angry attacks on Felipe and his inner court as 'authoritarian' and 'social democrats'.

'Demagogues', shot back the Felipe faithful, apparently more stung by the accusations of social democracy than of authoritarianism.

The political elimination of the Radicals came as Felipe accepted their insistence on Marx but refused to accept an executive representing the two factions. Luis Gomez Llorente, the only Radical member of the last executive, was offered his seat back, but kept his word that he would not accept it, arguing that one person could make no mark among 24.

The exclusion of the Radicals was the logical outcome of a congress that weeded most of them out before it met and then prevented those that were left from taking the floor. A change in the party's statutes meant that delegates to the congress were for the first time elected from the provincial rather than local branch level, cutting out much of the grassroots opposition to Felipe that surfaced at the 28th Congress. Once the congress opened, two main factors prevented Felipe's critics from getting a word in. Firstly, only delegate heads were permitted to speak. Secondly, once the Radicals' working papers were excluded from the small group selected for discussion, their case was effectively muffled.

Thus Felipe was re-elected, harmony appeared to reign and many delegates, even among Felipe's moderate supporters, went home feeling cheated. The Socialists now have to re-establish their credibility with voters disturbed by the struggle and political immaturity of the last months. At the last elections, the PSOE won slightly less than 230,000 new voters despite the presence of three million first-time voters under 18. The Marxist debate and its phoney resolution have not helped their chances of getting the several million new voters needed to push Suarez out next time around.

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JUSTICE 2
John Griffith

An attempt is being made to free the DPP from parliamentary control

The unaccountable prosecutor

IF YOU asked a politician or a lawyer what was the political status of the Director of Public Prosecutions he would probably say that the DPP was a public servant 'under' the Attorney General. If you pressed further and asked if this meant that the AG was accountable to Parliament for the actions and decisions of the DPP, the answer might be even more imprecise.

In his evidence to the Royal Commission on Criminal Procedure the DPP himself emphasised that he was independent and that his decisions were his own and not those of the AG. When a public official makes such claims it is wise to examine them with some care.

The DPP is an official of great power and even greater influence. He is appointed by the Home Secretary on the advice of the AG. Almost all serious offences must be brought to his attention by the police and he then decides whether or not to take over the prosecution. In addition he advises Government departments, clerks to justices, chief officers of police and others on a wide variety of matters. Some prosecutions can be brought only with his consent; others only with the consent of the AG whom the DPP advises. Altogether the range of his power over criminal matters is wide and deep.

I believe that the record of the last twelve months shows that an attempt is being made formally to detach the DPP as far as possible from the AG. While this would have no effect on the closeness of their working relationship it would greatly reduce the responsibility of the AG for the DPP's actions; and so remove the DPP from Parliamentary scrutiny. The dangers need no stressing.

THE STORY of the relationship between the AG and the DPP begins in 1879 when the Prosecution of Offences Act created the office. The Act said that the DPP was to act 'under the superintendence of the Attorney-General' who might also direct him 'in a special case'. But regulations made in 1886 and repeated in 1946 provided that the DPP should 'in all matters be subject to the directions of the Attorney-General' which clearly meant that the AG was responsible for all the DPP's activities.

In 1950 the best known DPP of modern times (Sir Theobald Mathew) strongly denied that he was independent of the AG even when Acts of Parliament specifically empowered the DPP to decide whether or not to prosecute. There was nothing, said Sir Theobald, to prevent the DPP's decisions being challenged in Parliament.

When Sir Hartley Shawcross was AG, he was even more clear. In 1951 he told the House of Commons:

> Although he is called the Director of Public Prosecutions, constitutionally I am responsible for all his decisions and as a Minister of the Crown I am responsible to the House for any decisions he may make in particular cases.

Of course the great majority of decisions on prosecutions taken by the DPP do not go before the AG any more than other Ministers are aware of the multitude of decisions taken by civil servants in their Departments. But those Ministers are no less responsible to Parliament for that reason.

Very recently, however, the formal relationship has been changed fundamentally. In July 1978 the AG emphasised that the DPP was 'essentially an independent, non-political, figure'. Each of us, said Mr Sam Silkin MP, 'is independent of the other'. Last November, in a Fabian pamphlet the Solicitor General, Mr Peter Archer, MP, stated baldly that the AG was 'not responsible for the actions of the DPP as a Minister is responsible for his departmental officials'.

THERE ARE other recent straws in the wind. The first was visible in the statement of the notorious Guidelines for the vetting of juries published last October. These empowered the DPP or his Deputy to authorise the investigation of a jury panel and required him merely to 'notify' the AG.

The second straw was floated by the DPP himself in a letter to *The Times* last November. This concerned the immunity given to Peter Bessell in connection with the prosecution of Jeremy Thorpe and others. The DPP wrote

> While, by statute, I perform my duties under the general superintendence of the Attorney General, and frequently consult him on matters of importance or difficulty, I have in this particular case, with the approval of the Attorney General, acted independently throughout.
>
> Accordingly, responsibility for all decisions, including that to grant an immunity to Mr Bessell, has rested solely with me.

But if the AG is constitutionally responsible to Parliament for the decisions of the DPP then the AG cannot by giving his 'approval' divest himself of that responsibility. Nor, by the same token, can the DPP take over that responsibility.

All this might be dismissed as argument merely about the use of words, with no political consequences. It is much more than that. For now the regulations governing the relationship have been changed. This is the crucial and precipitating factor.

On 14 September 1978 new regulations were made by the AG which came into operation on 1 January 1979. These regulations revoke those of 1946 and do not refer to the relationship between the AG and the DPP. So the DPP is no longer subject 'in all matters to the directions of the AG'. Two official explanations have been given for this fundamental change in the relationship existing for the last 62 years. The DPP in his evidence to the Royal Commission on Criminal Procedure, published in early January 1979, described the 1946 regulation as 'somewhat superfluous, as it is already contained in section 2 of the 1879 Act'. That is manifestly untrue. The other statement was by Mr Arthur Davidson, MP, a junior Minister in the AG's office. He told a standing committee of the House of Commons on 5 December 1978 that the relationship between the AG and the DPP was not included in the 1978 regulations because to refer to it was, in the light of the 1879 Act, 'unnecessary'. One wonders from whose point of view.

THE RESULT of all this is that since 1 January 1979 the AG is in law accountable to the House of Commons for a much more limited range of the decisions of the DPP than he was during the period since 1886; and that, as a corollary, the DPP is on many important matters accountable neither to the AG nor to Parliament.

Then in the last days of the last Parliament, the Government introduced a Bill in the House of Commons. Its Second Reading was taken in committee, which means that both front benches supported it. It slipped through the Committee stage in less than half an hour, only one MP (Christopher Price) being alarmed by its provisions. In all it was debated for 68 minutes in the Commons.

The Bill was designed to do two things. First, it transferred from the AG to the DPP the power to consent to prosecutions under 24 listed Acts of Parliament. Secondly, it enabled the AG *by order* to amend any other Acts so as to transfer any other powers to consent from himself to the DPP.

In a dying Parliament, Government and Opposition get together to decide which of the Bills already being debated in Parliament shall be allowed to pass 'on the nod'. The Consents to Prosecutions Bill was not surprisingly put on this list. But, in the Commons, Christopher Price and Jeff Rooker threatened to take delaying actions, while Lord McGregor and (it is believed) a Law Lord made their protests to the Ministers concerned. So the Bill was removed from the nod list and fell.

DOES ALL this matter? I suggest that it does. The decisions and the advice of the DPP inevitably involve questions of policy. His decisions were influential in greatly changing the range of conspiracy charges during the 1960s affecting squatters, students and trade unionists. His decisions or recommendations when and when not to prosecute in cases of censorship, obscenity, race relations, abortion, treason, sedition, drugs, and many other matters of importance or difficulty determine or strongly influence policy.

For example, before a prosecution can be brought for incitement to racial hatred, the AG's consent is necessary. When and when not to prosecute for this offence is clearly a policy decision with strong political overtones. If, however, the DPP favours no prosecution it seems that he is under no obligation to refer the matter to the AG.

If political accountability over this most important field of decision-making is to be constitutionally retained, then it is essential that the views which Sir Hartley Shawcross and Sir Theobald Mathew expressed in the early 1950s should prevail, that the DPP should be firmly kept in his place subordinate in all respects and on all occasions to the Attorney General, and that the latter should continue to bear, as a Minister of the Crown, his full responsibility to Parliament for the actions of this most powerful official. Sir Theobald Mathew, while emphasising that as DPP he was the servant of the public, also called himself 'the proud servant'. It is vital that this pride should be contained within its constitutional limits. *For if the DPP is allowed to claim independence of the AG, then the AG will be able to deny political responsibility for the DPP's decisions.* Yet another public official will be excluded from Parliamentary scrutiny.

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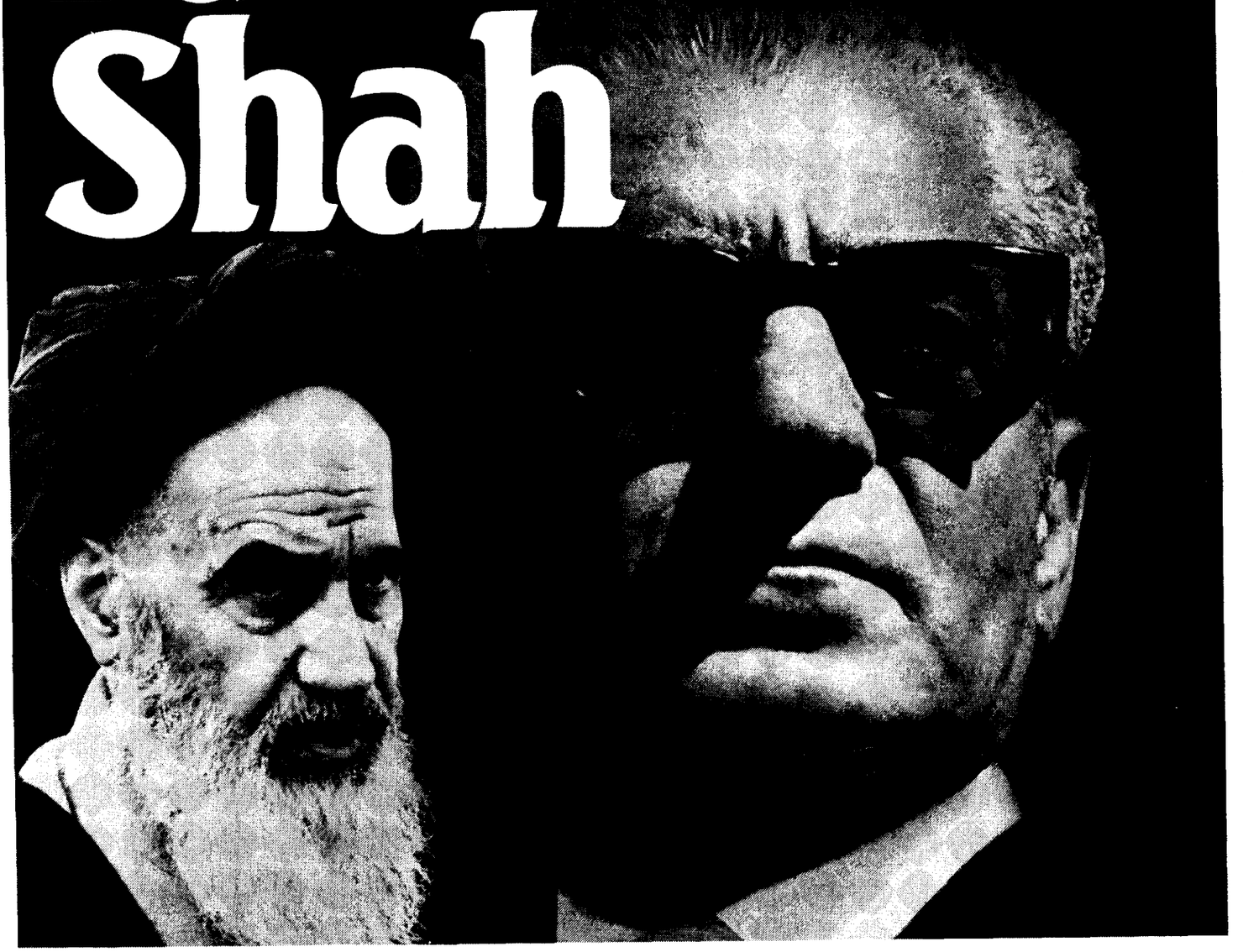
Fall of the Shah



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Can the Health Service be cured?

The battle over Health Service cuts gets fiercer every day, as more hospitals face closure and the Tories plan to axe area health authorities. But arguments about money are obscuring more fundamental problems. When we get ill, it is touch and go whether the NHS can help us; and overall it is doing next to nothing to improve the nation's health. RUTH LEVITT examines the ailments of the National Health Service and prescribes some bitter medicine.

IF YOU ARE YOUNG and employed and you have a sudden illness which can be cured swiftly by surgery, you are likely to be well looked after by the National Health Service – particularly if you are middle-class and live in the south-eastern corner of the UK. If you are old or working class, or if you just happen to have an enduring health problem which requires long-term treatment, you will find the odds stacked against you – particularly if you don't live anywhere near London, Manchester or Birmingham.

These facts sit uncomfortably beside the official aims of the Health Service, which were outlined in the Royal Commission's report last July. The NHS should 'provide equality of entitlement to health services', says the report; it should 'provide a broad range of services to a high standard' and 'equality of access to those services'. It should also 'encourage and assist individuals to remain healthy . . . provide a free service at the time of use, satisfy the reasonable expectations of its users and remain a national service responsive to local needs'.

Certainly, these add up to what most people agree to be the NHS's job. And they are in essence what Aneurin Bevan intended the 1946 National Health Service Act to create. Why are they proving so very hard to fulfil? Inequality is not the only problem. What about the soaring costs, the painful cutbacks, the succession of strikes, the long waiting lists, the cumbersome administration . . .?

It is generally believed, especially on the Left, that the NHS could do everything it was originally intended to do if only it were given sufficient funds and protected from the fluctuating interference of successive government ministers. Inject a few hundred million pounds as quickly as possible (the argument goes) and most of the other problems will fade away. Regional inequalities will be ironed out, hospitals can be renovated and improved, staff shortages will evaporate, planning and administration will be less bothersome and so on. With more money and a good Secretary of State at the helm, the NHS could be left alone to get on with the job.

I am afraid this remedy will not do the trick. For one thing, the Health Service has done comparatively well out of public expenditure. Far from being starved of funds, it has managed to increase its share at a faster rate than the growth of the GNP or of total public expenditure, as Table Four shows. It may be feeling the pinch a bit now, as a result of the worsening economic climate and the Tories' cash limits, but there is no evidence that it would rid itself of its most serious shortcomings if it were simply given more money.

The first thing we must recognise is that although the objectives of the Health Service were correctly identified by the Royal Commission, it will never fulfil its aims until it sets about its work in a completely different way. Next it needs to be understood that the health professions, with their narrow clinical focus and their obsession with status and power, have done more to harm the Health Service than anything else; and nothing much can be done to effect a cure until the professions themselves are overhauled and their influence on NHS decision-making drastically modified.

The Health Service today is a very different creature from that envisaged in the 1940's. The architects of the post-war welfare State were inspired by the Beveridge Report to construct a national health service that would represent the cornerstone of better living conditions. The system of social security they wanted to create was an admirable and welcome vision. Beveridge assumed that together with comprehensive housing, employment and social welfare policies, a nationalised system of free health care would eliminate the majority of the disorders and disabilities brought about through poverty and unequal provision of basic necessities. Improved living standards, it was thought, would leave the Health Service, in time, to deal with a low and predictable level of demand. Beveridge wrote in 1944:

> Maintenance of health does not depend solely or primarily on health services, and still less on medical treatment. It depends even more on good food; on sufficiency of the other necessaries of life; on healthy homes . . .

Had Beveridge's words been heeded more closely we might have far fewer problems with the Health Service now. But they were not. And there was one other basic fault in the Beveridge vision: the idea that there was a finite amount of illness to be treated once and for all has proved quite wrong. NHS spending has increased in real terms year by year and the rise was quite sharp in the early 1970's (see Tables 1-3). As it turned out, the more services that were provided, the more they were used and demanded. This phenomenon is not peculiar to the UK but has been experienced by all comparable health services. It occurs because cases requiring attention that might otherwise have remained unrecognised or ignored have been stimulated to come forward. This process has continued with too little critical assessment of the real benefits.

That is not to say that the NHS should have turned away the vast numbers of people who were able for the first time to get free spectacles and dentures instead of putting up with toothlessness or short sight; or that it has been wrong to encourage pregnant women to attend ante-natal clinics. If the aim was to improve the nation's health, then some of the demand generated by a free service was obviously desirable. On the other hand, the NHS has also had to deal with an increasing case load of heart disease, stomach and lung cancer, injuries caused by road accidents and industrial hazards, children's rotting teeth, high blood pressure, stress, backache and depression – most of which should not have been allowed to develop on such a scale, let alone become a major burden on the Health Service.

FOR ALL ITS SOPHISTICATION and technological advance, medical care is a commodity of uncertain value. The greatest progress in controlling the spread of infectious diseases was made more than 100 years ago, through improving the public water supply by removal and treatment of sewage, better standards of nutrition and voluntary limitation of family size. These developments, together with the advent of antibiotics and immunisation programmes in the early part of this century, did more than anything else to ensure that illness and death caused by infection and disease would be firmly held in check for the foreseeable future.

That left medicine with little to do by way of cure in the short term. The majority of causes of illness and death to emerge since then are all related to the modern style of life characteristic of western industrialised societies. As research proceeds, it is increasingly clear that these conditions will be more susceptible to prevention than to cure. We are more likely to be saved from disability or premature death by avoiding certain environmental risks than by any wonder drug or miracle cure.

True, patients can take advantage of an impressive range of treatments provided by medical science to relieve or reduce suffering. They can also benefit from sophisticated techniques for diagnosing what is wrong. But any examination of illness and death rates over the last 30 years will show that medical science has played only a marginal part in reducing the overall amount of ill-health in the population. The main reason for this is that the NHS has allowed its duty to prevent illness to be badly, perhaps irretrievably, ignored. Health-damaging factors at home, at work and in the wider physical, social and economic environment have already been well documented. Yet very little has been done to combat them and the NHS has not played anything like a prominent part in this. Its screening programmes, mother and baby services and immunisations are obvious examples of its work in this field, but it is not easy to detect a great deal of other activity. The main job is hived off to the Health Education Councils (of which there are two, one for Scotland and one for the rest of the UK). These lack any significant formal links with the NHS and their budgets amount to about £5m per annum, which is a tiny sum compared with the total NHS budget of about £8,000m a year. Here again, more cash would not solve the problem on its own, although it might help. The crucial factor that is missing is any real commitment on the part of the public, the government and the Health Service, to prevent avoidable causes of ill-health and death. What good will it do us to be shown pictures of little men with skipping ropes while the refined white bread described by Hannah Wright last week remains a staple food in most British households?

Not only have the Beveridge-type expectations of the NHS remained unfulfilled, but the

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more mundane job of caring for patients reasonably effectively no matter where they live, what their illness or social status, has apparently proved too much. Huge discrepancies in standards of provision have come to light and have been allowed to persist: some GPs prescribe more extravagantly than their colleagues; some surgeons keep post-operative patients in hospital days or weeks longer than comparable cases treated by their colleagues. In some parts of the UK it is impossible to get certain forms of dental treatment (such as crowns and bridges) under the NHS. In a number of places – particularly inner city areas – there are tremendous shortages of community-based services, such as GPs and chiropody, because hospitals have come to monopolise resources at the expense of these vital first points of contact between people and their health care. In a recent study of comparative health statistics* Margaret Stacey, Professor of Sociology at Warwick University, identified the following five features: there are continuing and increasing class differences in death rates; there is more illness in lower than higher classes; health services are more available to the middle classes than to the working classes; middle classes use the health services more than working classes; and the middle classes get more out of them when they use them. Even now that some attempt is being made to redirect funds, by implementing the recommendations of RAWP (the Resources Allocation Working Party), there are too few signs of anything being done to eliminate pockets of deprivation, or even shift the broader patterns of inequality.

The policies recommended by RAWP are being eased into practice very gently and at a national level only. Once funds reach the regions they are still up for grabs by whoever wields the most power. Inevitably, that means the larger hospitals where the more prestigious specialisms are celebrated by the more eminent consultants. Among those who lose out are the hospitals for the chronically sick – especially the old and the mentally ill – as well as GPs, dentists, chiropodists, health visitors and others. The consultants are not solely to blame. GPs, for example, tend to be individualists at heart and have not shown much interest in building up a lobby to tip the balance in favour of community-based care.

Health and Social Services Journal, 3 June 1977.

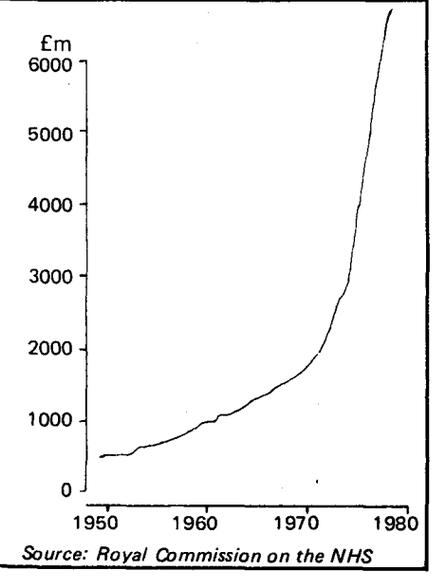
Camera Press

Nurses demonstrate for better wages: they need more money, but shouldn't they be bargaining for more than pay?

Clearly, the RAWP policy ought to be extended to regional and district levels – although its details could do with some adjustment. But since the basic idea of the formula is to allocate funds according to the needs of the public rather than those of the medical professions, it would be likely – if stringently applied – to encounter massive resistance.

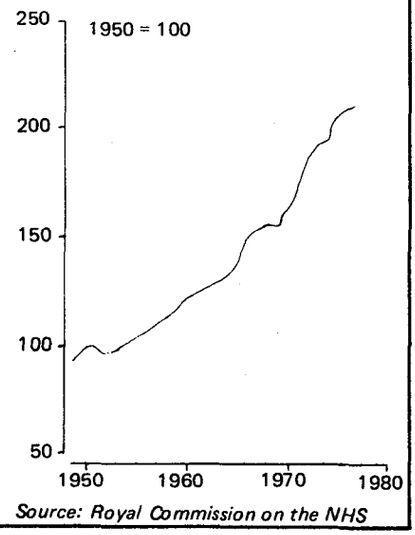
HERE IS ANOTHER EXAMPLE of the way in which money – whether increased or merely reallocated – cannot cure the Health Service. Money will do nothing to break down the rigid stratification of Health Service employees, which leads them at each level to be more concerned with protecting and improving their own position than with making the NHS into a viable enterprise. From a glimpse at the history of modern health care it is quite clear that doctors started the professional ball rolling by making the most of the magical powers over illness that people attributed to them, and sealing this through the creation of an independent profession. Nurses, paramedical workers (occupational therapists, chiropodists, radiographers, etc), technicians and others have all followed suit, inventing their own jargon to emphasise the special knowledge they have claimed for their own and constructing their own training programmes and entrance requirements in order to control the values and skills of continuing generations of practitioners. This has enabled them to build up exclusive career structures and to define in ever-increasing complexity the work they do and the way it should link or contrast with the work of others. The effect has been to improve recruitment, status and power, while at the same time emphasising the division of labour between all those involved in health care. What it indicates is a strong need among staff to define and defend what they believe to be their unique importance and value. This is not measured by income alone, but by internal mechanisms which emphasise the status of each group. Anyone who has witnessed the change which comes over nurses on a hospital ward at the approach of a consultant will have an idea of what this means: the deference they pay to the senior practitioner reinforces their own special place in the hierarchy.

Table 1: Cost of the NHS 1949–77 in cash terms



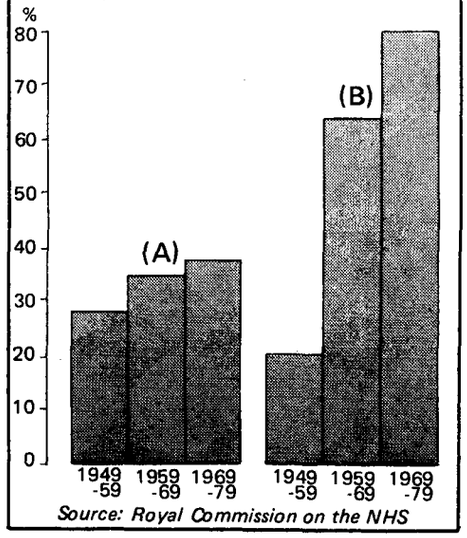
Source: Royal Commission on the NHS

Table 2: Cost of the NHS 1949–77 removing the effects of inflation on NHS expenditure



Source: Royal Commission on the NHS

Table 3: Percentage growth of NHS 1949–77 using (A) NHS price index and (B) general price index



Source: Royal Commission on the NHS

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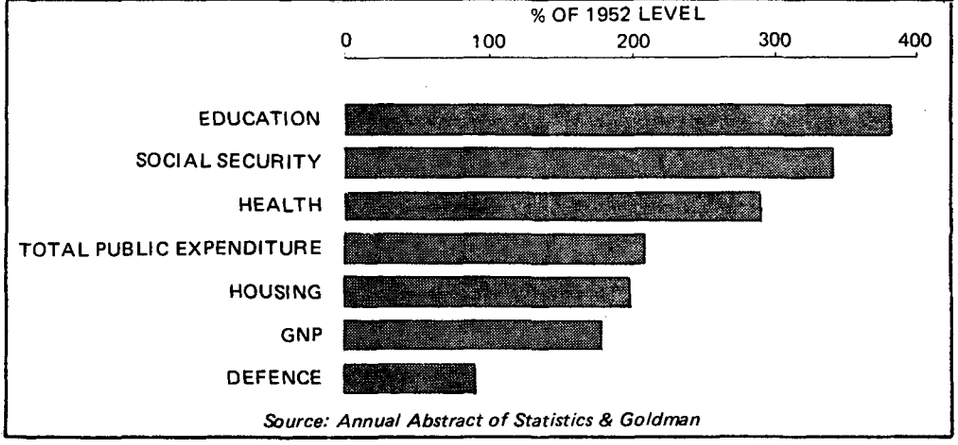
There is an obvious link between the increased specialisation of Health Service employees and the worsening climate of industrial relations. Since 1972 almost every group of workers from doctors all the way through to porters and cleaners has been involved in some sort of militant action. Strikes, restricted working, demonstrations, petitions, both locally and nationally, have been a strong feature of the NHS scene. As a result, a number of previously badly-paid workers have managed to negotiate better terms and conditions. There have been improvements throughout the Health Service in rates of basic and overtime pay; holiday entitlements have been increased, the length of the working week has been reduced, study leave and in-service training opportunities have improved, and so on. There are, however, some groups of workers who are still comparatively low paid and the climate remains uncomfortable. ACAS has been called in more and more to help resolve local difficulties. The National Whitley Council system of collective bargaining has been the subject of an in-depth inquiry by Lord McCarthy and the Royal Commission has added its voice to the chorus of concern.

The real cause of the trouble has not been trade union militancy. After all, doctors and surgeons have been flexing their own 'industrial muscle' in their own gentlemanly manner, for generations – with considerable benefit to themselves. Nurses, ambulancemen and manual staff ought not to be vilified for doing the same just because they are members of COHSE or NUPE rather than the BMA or the Royal College of Surgeons. The problem has been that as workers throughout the Health Service have become more effectively organised, the range of collective bargaining has remained extremely narrow. Trade union demands have focused on maintaining the *difference* (in terms of pay and conditions) between each group, rather than on anything they might have in common. The 'old fashioned' idea of a vocation, or enthusiasm for caring for patients or working for a highly valued institution, has not been allowed to feature too strongly, in case it should be used to weaken the case for better wages. For many workers, job satisfaction has been impaired by their knowledge that the NHS has not been going about its job in the right way. Yet their own preoccupation with status and power has inhibited them from doing anything to change it. For example, the Briggs Report, published in 1972, recommended ways of reorganising the training and employment of nurses, midwives and health visitors: it was generally agreed that reorganisation was essential, but very little has been done about it since, because of professional wrangling.

It is argued that a more conventionally 'industrial' form of pay bargaining is needed to improve the way the NHS handles its disputes in future. However, while this might affect the style of industrial relations, it would not touch the underlying reasons why disputes arise. It has been suggested, too, that more money (again!) would provide a remedy by bringing pay nearer to acceptable levels and by permitting higher staff-patient ratios. In my view this would be only a short-term palliative. It is clear from Britain's experience in the last few years that there is no absolute way of fixing the right pay for each job, and that relativities and differentials are as much a function of bargaining ability as they are a reflection of the relative worth of the jobs concerned. Inquiries such as the one carried out by Lord Halsbury for the nurses and paramedical workers, or the 'comparability study' of the Clegg Commission, can do nothing to solve the fundamental problem of agreeing what the work of Health Service employees should be expected to achieve in its current context. At present, expectations of what the NHS can and should achieve are quite unrealistic, given the increasing burden of preventable illness and the marginal role of medical care in improving health. This is what causes much of the frustration and resentment voiced by consumers and employees alike.

IF THE NHS IS TO FULFIL its objectives, then certain conditions will have to be met. First, it must be acknowledged that the health of the population can be maintained and protected more effectively by all-out commitment to prevention than by any amount of sophisticated medical care. Second, the expectations that patients and staff have of the NHS must change to fit the real capacities of medical care *per se* (when contrasted with other measures such as prevention), and the economic context in which the NHS is placed (which is, of course, determined by political forces). Third, the NHS has got to recognise that it will only fulfil its stated aims if it can simultaneously satisfy the needs of its staff and its patients. And fourth, the people who work for the NHS must realise that in the long term they will only find their employment satisfying if they are prepared to pay more than lip service to policies that will enable the Health Service to do its job properly (such as the reallocation of resources according to need).

Table 4: Growth of the NHS compared with other areas of expenditure



Source: Annual Abstract of Statistics & Goldman

The case for introducing further public health measures is irrefutable in any society such as ours where avoidable illness persists, and where known methods of protection are ignored. The obvious ones are: prevention of smoking in public places; fluoridation of public water supplies; compulsory wearing of car seatbelts; prohibition of work in noisy, dusty or otherwise hazardous conditions without adequate protective clothing and equipment; uncompromising penalties for drink-driving offences; more stringent pre-licence tests for motor cyclists; and better British Standards for safety of domestic equipment and materials. These sorts of improvements are bound to be unpopular in some quarters but they are absolutely necessary now in order to halt the personal and social cost of suffering that is preventable and wasteful.

Production and consumption of unrefined foods and taking of exercise need to be encouraged in a far more concerted way than at present. There are many powerful economic and social pressures persuading us to lead unhealthy lives: refined foods are usually cheaper and easier to buy than unrefined foods, and we are continually encouraged by advertisements to consume them. Satisfactory public transport and opportunities to play sports are important necessities, not luxuries. In addition, more needs to be done to avoid Health Service induced disease (such as food poisoning and cross infections in hospitals, and side effects of prescribed medicines), and to improve public information about self-care of minor illnesses. Housing, employment and education services can also play an important part in improving the nation's health, so the NHS's budget alone is not our only investment in health care.

Restraints on public expenditure are forcing the NHS to examine where it might make economies, but in fact, any large organisation needs to carry out this sort of review regularly, regardless of the economic climate. It is often said now by health authorities, local authorities and other bodies dependent on public funds that they are already so severely cut back that the only thing left to do is reduce the quality and range of essential services. What they do not admit is that many aspects of their services may indeed be superfluous, or may be ripe for replacement by something quite different. Formidable examples of overstaffing and of unnecessary and avoidable expenditure on unwanted services in the Department of the Environment have been described by Leslie Chapman in his book *Your Obedient Servant*. As a senior civil servant in the DoE, Chapman met head on with entrenched and wilful resistance from his superiors when he tried to get his strategies for saving money, applied successfully in one division, extended to others. Parallels exist throughout the NHS and he quotes as an example the unnecessary costs and delay the hospital building programme caused by excessive consultation procedures and other time-wasting measures at the Department of Health:

> Nearly half the money spent on new buildings was wasted. This same wasted capital expenditure produced in turn continuing wasted expenditure on running costs which will go on (at increasing rates) for the life of the building.

As economies are made, the quality of service needs to be improved – and the two are not mutually exclusive. The professions have built up the idea that only they can judge

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the effectiveness of what they do to patients. Most of them deeply resent the idea that their work should be subject to outside scrutiny. Yet their record of improving standards of treatment and eliminating ineffective procedures is far from unblemished: take, for example, the widespread and continued prescribing of barbiturate sleeping drugs when alternatives exist which have a much lower risk of encouraging addiction; and the continuing professional demand for expensive intensive care facilities to treat heart attack patients, when home care has been shown to be at least as successful. Many traditional forms of treatment are of no direct value in terms of the patient's health. It is a cliché that general practitioners cannot bear to let a patient leave the surgery without a prescription. Yet many patients never take the prescription to a chemist. Others get it dispensed but then leave the bottle in the bathroom cupboard and forget about it.

Any procedures – clinical and administrative – used by the NHS could be reviewed to advantage. There is plenty of evidence that standards of care can be improved by sensible use of the information contained in medical records and case notes, and through analysis of methods of practice, particularly where things go wrong. This has been shown not only to increase the professional worker's job satisfaction, but also to improve diagnostic tests and treatments and sometimes to reduce waiting times, lengths of stay in hospital and duration of follow-up treatment. Yet it is widely assumed among doctors and other professional workers that they should be immune from this sort of exercise because it might prove embarrassing.

IF THE PROFESSIONALS will not be more parsimonious and self-critical, the NHS should adopt an alternative form of review – at the very least some kind of regular monitoring of professionals by their peers. Something like this has been introduced for the long-term care services through the visiting teams of the Health Advisory Service and the National Development Team for the Mentally Handicapped; groups of doctors, nurses, administrators and other professionals travel around the country visiting hospitals and community-based services, discussing problems with staff and working out possible improvements. This could be extended to cover the whole range of professional health care in hospitals, health centres, clinics and surgeries – and although it is rather too cosy an arrangement to be ideal, it could be introduced with a minimum of fuss and would represent a pragmatic step forward.

At the same time, the Health Service needs to be subjected to much more public scrutiny. One useful vehicle could be the new parliamentary Select Committee on the Department of Health and Social Security. However, if it is to do a better job than other select committees, its members will need to be extremely well-informed and sufficiently committed to ask the right sorts of questions and not to let themselves be led off the scent by defensive Ministers and civil servants. Likewise, members of the health authorities need to be better informed and more effectively involved in the work of NHS management: training opportunities, information and advice services and realistic workloads are essential if they are to do a good job.

Community Health Councils have been in existence for five years and have so far proved themselves to be a worthwhile innovation – for example, in identifying the health care needs of ethnic minorities, carrying out quality surveys, getting bus routes changed to run past clinics, setting up training courses for doctors' receptionists and alerting the public to the dangers of certain drugs. Other ways of channelling consumers' views will be needed too, such as patients' committees in GPs' practices, and self-help groups for patients who share a particular disability. Individual patients should be given more helpful information about their own problems and treatment, and communities should be more involved with health authorities in discussing alternatives and suggesting variations. Defensiveness is still prevalent at all levels of the NHS – and is quite inappropriate for a service that depends on co-operation between patients and staff.

The growth of NHS administrative staff in recent years has become the subject of considerable criticism and scorn. Much of the frustration and resentment I have described has been turned upon them, but (as I hope I have shown) the causes are quite beyond their control. It is said that the NHS is over-administered and top-heavy, but in my view there is no objective evidence to prove this one way or the other. However, there *is* evidence to show that the quality of administration is very patchy. The Institute of Health Service Administrators is partly to blame – in being slow to encourage its members to adopt to changing circumstances. Unless administrators show themselves to be useful and constructive, then why should their position be protected?

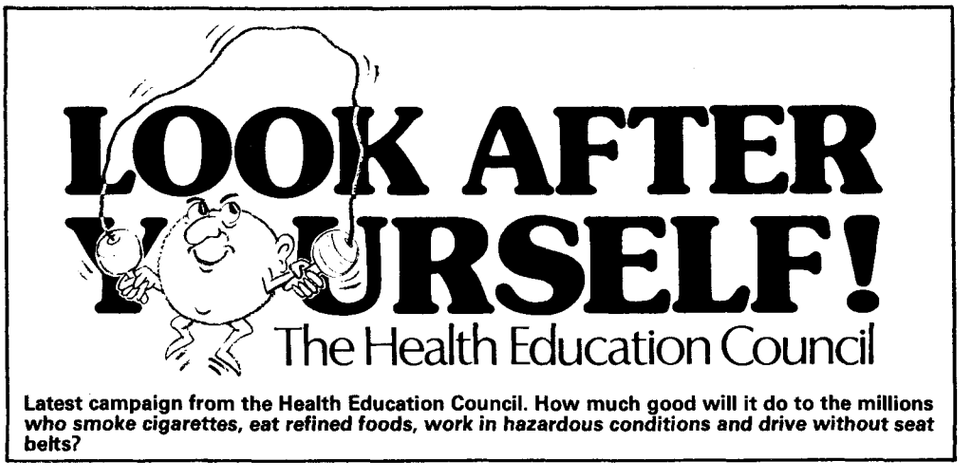
More generally, the NHS needs to recognise that its own employees sense that there are aspects of the service they provide which are of questionable value. Instead of encouraging the continuing retreat into professional isolation and defensiveness, therefore, the NHS should take a more long-term and constructive look at its employer-employee arrangements and try to find solutions of the kind that cannot be achieved by more money or more wage bargaining.

The truth is that the work of doctors and nurses shows more similarities than differences. The jobs of the various paramedical professions have more in common with each other than not. Paramedical workers do more that is similar to the work of nurses than is different. And so on. Could not all these similarities be exploited? There must be ways of adjusting job descriptions, working arrangements and methods of caring for patients, so as to demonstrate and maximise these overlaps. Not only do the professions' training programmes and entrance requirements need to be radically altered, but those who are at work now should be questioning current methods of practice. It is not beyond the ability of some of the more forward-thinking people to apply themselves to this and try out some new styles and approaches.

For their part, the government and the DHSS would do well to promote integrated pay structures instead of falling in with the relativities/differentials arguments. And unions should work out ways of representing mixed groups of workers *well*, instead of squabbling over recruitment territory.

Training is a most important feature in all this. Current systems of inculcating certain values and beliefs into students are firmly entrenched and resistant to change – and will remain so as long as there is no strong demand from outside or inside to do anything else. Governments are frightened of antagonising the professions and individual practitioners are frightened of rocking the boat too. The result is that the 'elders' of the professions continue to oversee inappropriate, artificial and wasteful training schemes that produce workers poorly equipped to do the job the NHS really needs them to do. There is a place for scientific medicine and for professional judgment, but these have been allowed to become too dominant and everyone has suffered.

There is a strong case for providing a common basic training for all those NHS workers who will eventually be involved in treating and caring for patients. Criteria for initial selection should be less rigid and students should be able to choose their areas of specialism later on, when they have found out more about their own inclinations and abilities. If pay scales, training programmes and working relationships connected more and more with the similarity and complementarity of health workers' jobs, and less with mistaken emphasis on differences and relative status, would that not do rather more for the long term survival of the NHS? How sad it would be if, in a service based on helping others, the notion of moving together should be too heretical even to be discussed.



Latest campaign from the Health Education Council. How much good will it do to the millions *who smoke cigarettes, eat refined foods, work in hazardous conditions and drive without seat belts?*

RUTH LEVITT is a lecturer in social policy at the School of Advanced Urban Studies, Bristol. Formerly she was editor of *CHC News* and director of the information service for Community Health Councils. She is author of *The Reorganised National Health Service* (Croom Helm, 2nd edition 1977).

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Apartheid: visible and invisible

With South African rugby players roaming the country, it is increasingly said that the South African government is burying apartheid – an analysis which draws strength from the recent setback in the polls for the Nationalist Party, which is introducing some reforms of the system. STEVEN LUKES has recently returned from a two month trip to South Africa and in this, the first of three articles, he shows that the reality is rather different: the reforms screen the reinforcing of apartheid. Next week he reports on the attitudes and politics he found in Afrikaner universities and among other whites. In his third article he will deal with the ferment among the black population.

NOTHING HAD PREPARED us for the shock of visiting Langa township. General preconceptions about apartheid, however well-informed, fade before its stark reality, which is nowhere more visible than in Langa. Visible, that is, to those who go and look, as few whites, let alone visitors, do (one needs a permit, of course). They do go to nearby Crossroads, the world-famous squatter-camp, and indeed nearly saved it by their attentions, though now it too is to be destroyed, like other such camps in the Cape Peninsula, 18,000 of its 24,000 inhabitants being destined for their 'homelands', the rest for an official black township. Crossroads has been a viable, vibrant, proud and self-reliant community of families. Langa, by contrast, is grim and depressed, seething with hopelessness and lucid anger, 24,000 of its 31,000 inhabitants migrant workers. Only a few miles from the centre of Cape Town, it is a world away from that colonial city's spectacular super-Californian coast-line and gleaming, elegant opulence. Langa cowers beneath a foul-smelling power-station – long desolate lines of drab box houses and barrack-like hostels.

Most were eager to talk to us and to take us inside the hostels, where we saw rooms for twenty housing thirty-six, double-decker concrete bunks lining the walls, no tables or cupboards, two pots of mealie meal and beans cooking, ghastly overcrowded dens without comfort or privacy. 'A pig can't live like this', one man said, bitterly and with truth. They spoke of their daily brushes with the police (according to a recent estimate, one in four blacks is arrrested every year for 'technical' breaches of laws applicable only to blacks). They spoke of the money they are forced to pay policemen to keep out of the Pass Courts, of great difficulties in getting work (unemployment is currently approaching two million, or a rate of 20 per cent) and of people with good educational qualifications forced into manual work. I shared a drink with a house-painter, an epileptic out of work for three years, who said, 'We aren't allowed to use our brains in this place.' Someone asked me, as the people gathered around us, 'What is this all about?' I explained we were visitors who had come to talk. Were people, I asked, suspicious? 'No,' he replied. 'We just thought you had come to offer us work.'

Langa's situation is especially bad, since it is an African township in a coloured labour preference area, but it exemplifies part of the hidden substructure of apartheid. It is a place where whites do not go and blacks subsist, on suffrance, because whites need their labour and they need employment. Central to that substructure is the system of migrant labour. Sixty per cent of economically active African men in the white areas are migrants. At the heart of this system is the mining industry, above all gold-mining, which was the basis for the country's industrialisation and remains crucial to its economy, as the gold price continues to rise and recession sets in elsewhere.

The mineworkers live in compounds, vast enclosures housing thousands, windowless on the outside, with only one gateway, set back from the roads, and only recognisable to those who know what to look for. They could equally well be prisons or mental asylums – and indeed we saw one that had been converted to this latter purpose, scandalously run by a private commercial concern, housing 3,000 black inmates, including children, whose voices can be heard from the road, with only one resident doctor. Here, in the compounds, are the same grim dormitories, with their concrete bunks, and communal toilets. These are true 'total institutions', as described by Erving Goffman, places of violence and drunkenness, the 'homes' of 'single' men employed to dig from the earth the gold, coal, and other metals which underpin the prosperity of the First World within the Republic.

It is in the Third World they leave behind, in the 'homelands' and neighbouring African states, that the true ravages of the system are wrought. They leave behind a world of women without men, returning only briefly each year; dislocated, unproductive communities, materially and culturally impoverished. This world is, and while the system lasts will remain, a chain of labour reservoirs in which people are held in a state of compulsory unemployment until the industries of the white economy require them. Not only are they denied entry into the white First World, unless they can secure migrant labour contracts, but also a massive process of resettlement from the First to the Third World is under way. Residential areas are abolished, both squatters and *bona fide* labour tenants and black farmers are uprooted and dispossessed, and so-called 'unproductive people' (the elderly, the unfit, women and children) are decanted from white areas, rural and urban. Moreover the Section 10 rights of permanent residence in the towns and cities are under real threat, the ultimate logic of the system being to convert all urban blacks into migrants. The deportees are dumped in desolate concentrated settlement areas or, where possible, into frontier 'commuter towns' serving white areas.

SOME TWO MILLION Africans have been removed and resettled to date and at least a further million are scheduled for resettlement. The 'homelands' become dumping grounds for these discarded, surplus people. In Glenmore, near Grahamstown (itself notable for its high unemployment, and a rate of one in four black babies dying in their first year) there are 3,000 people and 100 jobs. Elders lead this community, pleading with the authorities for promised land and food, while concerned people from Grahamstown aid them, weighing babies, battling with medical authorities to try to convince them that large numbers of visibly undernourished children are indeed short of food and needing medical care. When asked what he ate, one resident replied, 'I do not eat.' Near Queenstown, in the Ciskei, 30,000 people live in Sada, in a 'semi-arid' area, with jobs for only 400, mainly women, in desperately overcrowded conditions and critically short of fuel. A mud village, 'the village of tears', has sprung up on the outskirts, housing some 10,000, without a single tap. People are dying at the rate of four to six a week and a new cemetery has just been opened. At Malagazi in Kwazulu, just outside Durban, there is an extraordinary crush of squatters, desperate for housing and work. Here people literally live in cardboard boxes, hastily erected overnight to evade the policing authorities of Chief Butheleze's Incatha party (the town's officials being unable to cope). In this terrible place, 27,000 people share one communal tap.

This substructure of apartheid, which I have tried to describe, is hidden from whites, who can easily ignore it. But it lies at the heart both of their unequalled prosperity and of their most fundamental fears. For already blacks substantially outnumber whites in the urban areas, and, without further resettlement, it has been estimated that by the year 2000 there will be 30 million urban blacks as against 7 million whites in all. Hence the linked objectives of the underlying structure of apartheid: to favour migrant labour while reducing permanently resident urban blacks to the barest minimum, and export the rest, and their unemployment, to the hapless 'homelands'. Upon this substructure, and maintaining it in being, is a complex and highly visible apparatus of control and discrimination – commonly called 'apartheid' in our press – which, it is currently claimed, is in the process of being 'eased', 'eroded' and even 'dismantled'. That apparatus is a labyrinthine network, reaching into administration, the law, education, labour management, politics and everyday social life.

Administratively, blacks are subject to the most elaborate, technologically sophisticated system of control and surveillance practised anywhere. Through influx control it governs the movement of blacks within urban areas: unless they have lawfully and continuously resided from birth or for fifteen years or served the same employer for ten, they cannot remain in such areas for more than seventy-two hours at a time. Through the Labour Bureaux, it confines them within the 'homelands' unless they have specific one-year contracts with specific employers. This whole system is backed by the coercive apparatus of the law, whose cutting edge is to be seen in the Pass Courts. Here you see the degrading, mundane process of apartheid at work, as the

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bored and dignified mete out justice, a few minutes at a time, to the defenceless and appropriately cynical.

Picked off the streets, blacks are summarily punished, waiting in bedraggled queues (men and women separately), for the crime of failing to produce their identity documents. Administrative action and legal process are here hopelessly confused: certainly, there are as yet no effective legal protections for the victims, who regard the whole business as one of life's obstacles, despite the noble efforts of some lawyers to represent them. Nor do such protections exist against the widespread system of banning or, most seriously, against Section 6 of the Terrorism Act which authorises police officers of and above the rank of Lieutenant Colonel to arrest people on suspicion without warrant, to detain them indefinitely for interrogation without access to anyone but officers of the State and with no obligation to disclose official information about them. There are few controls on the police in their use of torture in extracting confessions and producing state witnesses; with some notable exceptions the judges are supine, of low competence and deferential to the State. The only bright spot is the band of liberal and radical advocates and attorneys, white and black, who are fighting on the front-line. But they too are subject to banning.

Within education, the control system centres on the hated institution of 'Bantu education', which is based on Dr Verwoerd's proposition, stated when he introduced the Bantu Education Act to Parliament, that there was no place for Africans in the white community above the level of certain forms of labour: if any black child was 'being taught he will live his life under a policy of equal rights, he is making a big mistake'. Few can suffer from this delusion: the inequalities of educational provision (free and compulsory only for whites) are truly staggering, both in terms of resources and content. Some go so far as to say that an entire generation has been destroyed by the disabling effects of Bantu education: it is miraculous that so many have contrived to resist them. 'Can one,' a Soweto schoolboy asked us in the Morris Isacson school, 'study chemistry without a laboratory?' Others indicated their frustration at studying black history from the whites' point of view. 'Do they,' another asked, 'have to learn Afrikaans in school in England?' At Mavimbela school near Mkhuhlu in the Gazankulu 'homeland', the primary school pupils, some in their late teens, are studying under trees, with scarcely any buildings or books, but dedicated teachers. Black universities exemplify the same pattern of discrimination and deprivation, in sharp contrast to the lavish provision and easy freedoms of Wits and Stellenbosch. The 'tribal' universities of Turfloop and Fort Hare are forelorn fortresses, protected by security men and barbed wire. Black staff at the former are denied the right to meet on campus, while white staff at the latter have been known to carry guns. Students distrust their teachers, many of them Afrikaners teaching in poor English, and the students basically see their campus as a place for 'conscientisation'.

THE CONTROL OF BLACK workers is, despite the 1973 wave of strikes in Durban and a recent black strike in the gold mines, highly effective. Black unions are, as yet unregistered (which deprives them of legal protection against employers and makes the collection of union dues extremely difficult). They are only officially tolerated by employers and public authorities if associated as parallel unions within T.U.C.S.A., which is dominated by compliant white unions. The other, independent unions struggle for organisational viability, inter-union unity and management recognition, against very great odds. Mr Joseph Mavi, president of the African Transport Workers' Union, representing 18,000 lorry and bus drivers, has discovered through personal experience what participation in the official, dependent system means for blacks. Mr Mavi accused his union's white general secretary (who just happens to be the official organiser of the white union to which Mr Mavi's is parallel and a member of the industrial council which fixes wages) of financial mismanagement, manipulating secret ballots, refusal to disclose financial details and to attend meetings. The general secretary locked the members out of their meeting office, forcing them to meet on the pavement, where they voted to dismiss him. He continues in office and is suing Mr Mavi, a bus driver, for £30,000.

The web of political control centres on the concept of Bantustans or 'homelands', governed by the logic of Mr Vorster's statement that 'we need (the blacks) because they work for us . . . but the fact that they work for us can never . . . entitle them to claim political rights'. They can, however, unilaterally be turned into 'foreigners' and thenceforth exercise their 'rights' in the eighth of the land designated them by the 1913 and 1936 Land Acts. Settled urban dwellers can be unilaterally designated citizens of these 'homelands', even though they have never been there and have no desire to go. Finally, since 1978, the children of urban blacks who have been assigned to an 'independent' 'homeland' have lost the urban residence rights they would otherwise have inherited. Urban blacks are thus gradually being divested of such rights as they possess, while in the 'homelands' dependent black elites, bureaucracies and vested interests of all kinds are being established, and left with the burgeoning problems of resettlement and famine relief. The 'independent' homelands are led for the most part by chiefs who have been selected by the decolonising power – in the case of Venda and the Transkei after losing democratic elections. Never before in history has independence been imposed on such unwilling, or indifferent, beneficiaries.

Finally, and most visibly, the whole system of social and cultural discrimination persists. Here apartheid really does *work*. Because of residential separation, transport difficulties and restrictions in restaurants, it is difficult for blacks and whites to socialise, and friendships across racial lines are hard to sustain – harder than it was twenty years ago, and increasingly hard, as black consciousness ideas gain sway. Classificatory boundaries are imposed across all forms of social interaction, especially those where the exercise of bodily functions is involved (eating, drinking, sleeping, playing sport, using the toilet).

Can this complex apparatus of control and discrimination be partially dismantled or modified in its incidence, without affecting the underlying substructure? This is precisely what is happening, in response, particularly, to escalating pressures from abroad. The deceptive, the gullible and the wishful then speak of the approaching death of apartheid. In reality, the control system is being streamlined and modernised, and relaxed so as to incorporate a small minority of urban blacks within the system as a new labour aristocracy and middle class. The gap between privileged insiders and excluded outsiders is thereby only widened.

Thus limited home-ownership rights can be granted to blacks in the white urban townships and the Riekert Commission can propose the relaxation of the pass laws, making urban residence dependent instead on the availability of jobs and approved houses (though the Government had rejected this proposal, despite Dr Koornhof's expressed sympathy for it). The authorities have committed themselves to free and compulsory education for blacks (but this aspiration allows for the continuance of vast inequalities of provision, and in any case puts the major burden on the 'homeland' governments). It has now accepted the Wiehahn Commission's proposal of recognising black unions (but this will render those unions admitted to Government-regulated collective bargaining subject to the strictest control and surveillance and the independent unions to greater harassment and restrictions). The Government is, it appears, committed to 'consolidating the homelands', rationalising their boundaries and incorporating white farmers, who will of course retain their South African citizenship (but as Dr Koornhof, the Nationalist with a 'heart', recently reiterated, 'the black man's political rights must be exercised within his national state'). It looks as though the hated Immorality Act and the prohibition against mixed marriages might be removed and further progress can be expected in opening up restaurants, hotels, sports facilities, and even perhaps toilets. But none of this affects the basic under-structure of apartheid. On the contrary, it serves only to strengthen and stabilise it further, rendering it even less visible to the uninvolved outsider. None of these much-vaunted changes will have any effect on the lives of the people of Langa and Sada.

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EASTERN EUROPE
Kathleen Wilkes

Why does a police state fear lectures in technical metaphysics?

Philosophy and the Absurd

Kathleen Wilkes was the first of a series of Western visitors to Prague's 'Patocka University', whose celebrated philosopher Julius Tomin – night-watchman, recently, at the city zoo – was arrested a few days ago.

WESTERN PHILOSOPHERS, brooding over their subject at the start of an academic year, may find it hard to believe in the idea of philosophy as a police matter. They are more accustomed to the attack that Plato gives to Callicles in the *Gorgias*; for adult people to study philosophy is ridiculous, because of its practical irrelevance. Inside Czechoslovakia, where many of the prominent Chartist dissidents – from Jan Patocka to Ladislav Hejdanek – have been philosophers, the idea is not so startling. Callicles, perhaps, would consider it absurd for the Czech state to devote so much police effort as it does to attempts to suppress the philosophy of Dr Julius Tomin. But nonetheless it is happening.

Tomin is a professional philosopher, expelled from Charles University during the 1969 purges. A Charter 77 signatory, he created a philosophical forum in his apartment for people denied access to the official education system. A long record of police harassment culminated on 8 October in his arrest at Libcice in Northern Bohemia by a police squad equipped with dogs and machine-guns. He was released almost immediately – apparently, there was an unsuccessful attempt to certify him. A letter of protest which was dispatched to the Czech government by two dozen British academics (including most of the full professors in the Oxford and London philosophy schools) was rendered, for the moment, unnecessary. But the fear remains that, despite the determination of Tomin and his colleagues to keep within the strict letter of Czechoslovak law, there may now be attempts at a direct frame-up.

Absurdity is the inevitable consequence when the police, upholders of the law, are forced time and again to break it. But Tomin offers them no other choice. He has been deprived already of material privileges such as telephone and travel permits: following him fails, as it did with the playwright Vaclav Havel, to do anything but exercise policemen. They demand his identity every time he passes through his doorway, augmenting the repertoire of Czech political jokes: 'How do you know a secret policeman? Because even after six months of watching he can't recognise you'. If the police invade the apartment, Tomin sends an open letter commiserating with the Minister of the Interior on the shortage of funds for maintenance of bugging devices.

The absurdity of the situation, reinforced by Tomin's habit of debating with them each infraction of the law, appears to erode police morale: certainly turnover is rapid among the watchers. Tomin, although essentially an individualist, is thus firmly within the Charter tradition of forcing the authorities to keep to their own constitution.

Understandably, the regime dislikes the paradox of its own illegality: witness the current trial of ten VONS[1] members on the preposterous charge of subversion of the Republic. The single aim of VONS is to point up, by collation of publicly-available data, flagrant breaches of the judicial system. Any sympathy for policemen enmeshed in this paradox evaporates on consideration of the viciousness – petty, or tragic – that the challenge can provoke.

At midnight on 5 June Tomin's wife Zdena (a Charter Spokeswoman) was brutally beaten outside their flat: ostensibly, random thuggery. But next day when Tomin turned up at work – having escaped a 'coincidental' attack by pure chance – he found that he was officially expected to be in hospital along with Zdena. The police are now outside their apartment in order to 'protect' them: last month, one of them tried to break Tomin's thumb. (VONS member Otta Bednarova, a chronic hepatitis sufferer, is facing trial while seriously ill: reportedly, she is confined in a cell with northern exposure, and denied warm clothing.)

IF THE CONTENT of Tomin's seminars is subversive, then we are returned at once to the absurd. When I was with them this year, they were going line-by-line through Berkeley's *Principles of Human Knowledge*, a work of epistemology and metaphysics which (without being elitist) must have baffled the listening cops. Plato, the other main focus of Tomin's work, certainly offers a political theory, but one which is generally thought to support, rather than subvert, totalitarianism. Socrates might seem a different matter, for he has become a symbol to many Czech dissidents – through *samizdat* writings and, astonishingly, folk music ('Socrates' is the most unforgettable performance of the exiled singer Jaroslav Hutka). But if the police were actually *listening* to their wire-taps, they would discover that Tomin undermines the standard view of Socrates as a free spirit, and portrays him as the *eminence grise* behind Plato's totalitarianism.

The authorities should view the possession of such a Platonic scholar as a source of national pride. Perhaps they do, but only by way of discreet hints that he might care to apply for a post in the West. But surely, says Tomin (who is determined to stay) a zoo-keeper (the last paid post he was allowed) would not fit in at the Washington Center for Hellenic Studies?

The quality of Tomin's seminars is overwhelming. I lost nearly every argument about Plato that I had with Tomin, partly because my texts were at home, and he had his in his head, and partly because of the very unexpectedness of his points. My views were backed by the most prestigious of Western commentaries. But Tomin's views, formed in unavoidable isolation from secondary literature, were based on inside-out familiarity with the entire Greek corpus. Persecuted though they are, he and his colleagues are free to ignore as faintly comic the intellectual demarcation-lines of the West: we leave Homer to literary specialists and Herodotus to historians, but Tomin the philosopher writes about the plays of Aristophanes. To bring Tomin to Western attention, so far from being an act of political charity, is a matter of intellectual self-interest. (Balliol has invited him to give the Vaughan Memorial Lectures, and I hope to persuade him to publish some of his *samizdat* articles in the West.)

STILL, TOMIN is a professional, despite passages of turbine-operating and zoo-keeping. The uniqueness of his seminars lies in his students – usually denied education after 14, many of them bred on a starvation-diet of prison literature. They not only *knew* the Heraclitus which they passed round in typescript, but they generated new and coherent interpretations. They drew me into discussion of my own possibly bizarre, and certainly convoluted, pet theory in the off-centre area of the philosophy of psychology, and led me to revise it. (At Oxford, I have rarely discussed it below graduate level.)

What fuels these discussions is Tomin's infectious personal dynamism. I lectured in English: after almost nine hours of simultaneous, and highly technical, translation he did wilt slightly. (On the Euromarket, translators do 20-minute spells.) But the argument resumed at top pitch as we walked back through the Prague streets in the small hours.

But equally necessary is the extreme commitment of everyone involved. Hence a visiting lecturer faces an audience quite unlike any to be found here, composed of people who have decided that his or her words will be worth running substantial risks to hear. An internationally-known philosopher, asked if he would be able to visit, had one reservation: that he might feel inadequate to such an audience. ('Is it true', asked one student in genuine inquiry, 'that many English students have not read Heraclitus?')

Clearly a state which is terrified of all this is a state of absurdity. But a more general point may explain this terror: Tomin's seminars have been running for over two years now, and are the longest-enduring of the various unofficial courses, often titled the 'Patocka University', centred in Prague, Brno and Bratislava. Due to the number of visitors from the West, his courses are also the best-known internationally. Tomin's successful intransigence has not only kept his own lectures flourishing, but must have helped encourage others to follow suit; and if Tomin were to be stifled, this would be a blow indeed – as it is, one lecturer in phenomenology and psychology, Jiri Nemec, is among the VONS members facing trial. So, much of the unpopularity aroused by the Patocka University may focus upon Tomin.

The truth is that the Patocka University is central to the entire cultural underground, which offers education, music, drama and literature of a standard infinitely higher and more original than the official pap. For this reason, it is and will be harassed by the regime. Its Polish equivalent, the 'Flying University' – a more formally-organised structure – is under constant attack. To Czech dissidents, the members of the Flying University have, relatively speaking, enviable freedom: official academics in Poland, but not so far as I know in Czechoslovakia, have dared to come out in support. Nevertheless, Flying University students and lecturers have been victims of rentamob violence.

1. Committee to Defend the Unjustly Prosecuted (see NS 3 August).

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Therefore Patocka University cannot hope for unimpeded growth, and Tomin is a handy figurehead to go for. This is ironic, in that Tomin is not principally interested in Charter organisation. His main concern is with individuals, pursuing a doctrine which he calls *erkenntnis erlebnis* – a phrase which is only roughly translatable as 'lived knowledge', and deals with the relationship he is trying to forge between philosophy and personal life.

The attempts at suppression, however, become self-defeating in that the regime creates a proving-ground for numerous philosophically-sophisticated people. These, once the leading academics, authors, playwrights, poets, singers, actors, musicians and journalists are now cleaners, night-watchmen, stokers, forestry-workers or building labourers. However apolitical they may have been before, when they find their public outlets barred to them, they turn almost inevitably to reflection upon how this happened – upon the nature of the regime, upon their society and their faith in it.

They would, of course, far rather continue to work in their chosen fields. Ludvik Vaculik and Vaclav Havel would rather not set aside their *samizdat* novels and plays to engage in open debate upon the nature and requirements of courage. It would mean nothing to Vaculik or Havel (the latter now on trial) to be told that this debate constitutes philosophy of the highest order. Similarly, the once-superlative quality of Czech film was diminished when the actress Vlasta Chramastova was banned: she did not ask to become a philosopher evolving ideas of the highest interest on freedom and nonconformity.[2]

2. Interview, 'Would Jane Fonda Understand?', *Index on Censorship*, 5, no 3 (autumn 1976).

Examples can be multiplied over and over, and numerous Czech dissidents – Vaculik, Havel, Precan, Hracher, Moldau, Kliment, Pithart – have long been pointing out precisely what is going on. The result for the regime is indeed self-defeating, inasmuch as the philosophical and political sophistication of those they treat as opponents increases with every new ban. Since the government believes that those whom it forces to become dissidents are threatening, the unsolicited and unwanted practical training in political and social philosophy that it inevitably provides has aroused against it a philosophy that *is* overtly dangerous and explicitly threatening. That Tomin's lectures in philosophy, the political content of which comes solely from the fact that *erkenntnis erlebnis* is a necessary prerequisite for the survival of any worthwhile polity, should be so bitterly harassed, while a truly dangerous philosophy is watered so assiduously, is an absurdity worthy of Kafka, in the birthplace of Kafka, where Kafka cannot be bought.

The signatories to the letter protesting Tomin's arrest were: Lord Annan, Vice-Chancellor, London University; Sir Isaiah Berlin; Sir Kenneth Dover, President, Corpus Christi, Oxford; Sir Stuart Hampshire, Warden, Wadham College; Prof. Bernard Williams, Provost, King's College, Cambridge; Mrs M. L. S. Bennet, Principal, St Hilda's, Oxford; Anthony Quinton, President, Trinity College, Oxford; Geoffrey Warnock, Principal, Hertford College; Prof. Sir Alfred Ayer; Prof. Sir Peter Strawson, Magdalen College, Oxford; Prof. J. L. Ackrill, Brasenose, Oxford; Prof. P. A. Brunt, Brasenose; Prof. Michael Dummett, New College; Prof. R. M. Hare, Corpus Christi, Oxford; Prof. C. M. Taylor, All Souls; Prof. David Wiggins, Bedford College, London; Prof. Peter Winch, King's, London; Prof. Richard Wollheim, UCL; J. L. Mackie, University College, Oxford; Myles Burnyeat, Robinson College, Cambridge; A. B. Savile, Bedford, London; Roger Scruton, Birkbeck College, London; Kathleen Wilkes, St Hilda's, Oxford.

A useless deterrent?

Denys Blakeway writes: The decision to preserve Polaris, Britain's 'independent nuclear deterrent' into the 1990s, announced by Mr Francis Pym last week, surprisingly seemed to delight the Conservative defence hawks at Blackpool. Though it is quite possible at a relatively cheap cost of £93m. a year to keep the submarines in operation until the mid-nineties, it is clear that they are fast becoming obsolete and cannot be considered 'independent'. Developments in anti-submarine warfare make it increasingly likely that a Polaris submarine on patrol could be detected and destroyed if necessary by the USSR in the mid-1980s. At one blow Britain's deterrent would be rendered useless. In order to avoid this possibility even the French maintain a system of 'flexible response' which use more than one kind of missile delivery platform. Polaris missiles are also becoming increasingly vulnerable to improvements in the USSR's defences which greatly reduce the chances of any attack succeeding.

Polaris is now a political charade. One or two submarines armed with a few ballistic missiles no longer count as a viable deterrent. Constituting only 4 per cent of NATO's nuclear arsenal, Polaris is discounted both by the USA and USSR – Britain was not invited to the SALT II talks, nor was the question of Polaris even raised at the discussions. Perhaps the most humiliating aspect of Britain's 'deterrent' is the absurd claim that it is independent. Polaris missiles are targeted by the US and controlled by Nato. No decision can be taken to fire them without Presidential authority. The missiles themselves are American produced, and cannot be maintained without spares and fuel from the US. Preserving Polaris could be, ironically, a first step to nuclear disarmament. It is almost certain, though, that the Tories are committed to a more deadly deterrent in the future.

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Cotswold Diary

☐ Bourton-on-the-Water is known as the Mecca of the Cotswolds. I've never been to Mecca, and doubt whether many people in the Cotswolds have either. It's also called a miniature Venice, because a couple of stone footbridges were once built across the Windrush. In fact it's an extremely pretty village, much favoured by Saxon weavers.

A report in the local paper recently indicated that all was not well in Bourton-on-the-Water: not only were they being threatened by a third fish and chip shop, but they hadn't won the Bledisloe Cup. The local shopkeepers had ignored an appeal by the Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce to cut down excessive advertising, and the Gloucestershire County Council was being tardy about the new signposts. What with the tourist season coming to an end, it looked as though Bourton, like everywhere else, was in for a nervous winter.

I cruised round the outskirts the other morning, looking for signs of collapse. The solid stone bungalows, old enough to have grown thriving creepers, seemed uncorrupted by anything more dangerous than aphids. Birdland, the Model Village, the Model Railway, the Butterfly Exhibition and the Motor Museum were all in business. In the Gift and Craft shops, French housewives were picking over the Shetland knitwear, Australians buying lettered rock, Americans and Germans poking about among rush pot-holders. Still, I sensed (or invented) a certain unease. I counted eight restaurants, ranging from takeaway hot-dogs through Cotswold confisserie and French cuisine to Zorda's Greek Taverna, within an eighth of a mile: some of them shut, all of them empty. Almost all the stuff in the shops was tat. This is unusual in the Cotswolds, where a ponderous sort of excellence is the rule. The antique shop was crammed with dubious *folies de grandeur* and the bookshop had no personality, beyond selling home-made wine kits and Pin Winding craft sets.

Bourton-on-the-Water has blundered. If Britain wants to sell itself to tourists, it must present the right image: durable, dignified, classy. Nobody goes to Gloucestershire to eat moussaka or to buy plastic skull ashtrays. Snobbery is one of our most valuable assets and the Chamber of Commerce should cash in on it.

☐ It's odd how one thing always leads to another. If I've been horrified by the price of Super-Glue, within five minutes I shall hear some stranger protesting about the price of Super-Glue; if I'm brooding about God, I'm bound to meet a rabbi at dinner; if I wake up one morning with an unlikely determination to go to Gigha, the mail will surely bring a brochure about cruises round the Inner Hebrides. Anthony Burgess's recent noble denunciation of the book trade impressed me a lot; three days later, idly turning on the television for the first time in weeks, I found myself watching *Joan Bakewell at the Bookmakers*, a nasty experience for both of us. People began to phone on their way to or from the Frankfurt Book Fair, and I heard stories of disconsolate American agents in raincoats hanging about Grosvenor House. Then there was Richard Boudin.

I don't know how good a writer Mr Boudin is, and I don't care. He is the first great literary terrorist, and I dote on him. As he swooped and soared round the skyscraper tops of the UN building and Harcourt Brace, I imagine him in a leather helmet and goggles, muffler streaming in the wind, leaning over the side of his biplane and yelling 'Yah!' at Waldheim, the General Assembly, Jovanovich, the stupefied traffic on FDR Drive, the illiterate crowd hurrying off First Avenue to safety. What a far, far greater thing than slogging round the luncheon clubs, trying to get a word in between a new waffle-maker and a coloratura budgerigar on the *Today* programme. It's a pity that his apparently unpublicised masterpiece had to be called *Confessions of a Promiscuous Counterfeiter* – the most ingenious publicity department would have difficulty with that – and a pity that he landed so meekly, after Jovanovich agreed to talk to him. Still, the film rights of the gesture, if not the book, have surely been sold by now. Publishers should take heed. Boudin's Flight could inspire a revolution.

☐ The Oxfordshire County Council education committee has been told by the government that they must 'save' £1,831,000 over the next three years: £464,000 of this could be found by shutting down all nursery schools in the area, £353,000 by drastic cuts in books and materials; the rest, presumably, by dispensing with light, heat, food and other extravagances. The Gloucestershire education committee, having made all the economies it can think of, is still £475,000 in the red. By charging each child 40p for its lunch, they can scrape up £1 million; cutting free milk will save another £100,000.

These figures may be peanuts to Whitehall, but they are incomprehensible to the average parent or teacher. Consider the average village primary school. One I know of in the Oxford area gets a capitation allowance for its hundred pupils of £1,100 a year. Not surprisingly, they have overspent by £200. Of the remaining £900, approximately £450 goes on administration and cleaning materials – loo paper, soap, laundry, the usual housewives' list. Each child's education, with all that implies – text books, paper, pencils, reading matter, the wisdom of the ages – must therefore be supplied for a fraction over £4 a year. If the office typewriter needs repairing, or the TV set and tape recorder – bought in palmier days – pack up, there is nothing left for 'education' at all.

It is, of course, remarkably clever strategy. Local authorities are already seriously considering a 4-day school week and much longer holidays. It's only a question of time before Sunday school will be back on the map, and the unemployed child can spend the rest of the week going down mines or up chimneys. As they have no union, this will provide a trouble-free work force. By the year 2000, there will be a new generation of illiterate voters. What better citizens for the new Utopia promised by the Blackpool Conference?

☐ My dependence on experts depresses me enormously. Such skills as I have – reading, writing, gardening, cooking, driving a car – are relatively useless. I would happily learn to build a cupboard, and spend two days doing it, if it were possible to work a 160-hour week. I wish to god I knew how to plumb in a washing machine and repair mortice-and-tenon joints and fix double glazing on to 17th century windows. It's not just the talent I envy – it's all that activity, drilling and hammering, puffing and heaving, wearing themselves out. The carpenter, diseased with cheerfulness, arrived at 8 a.m. the other morning. 'Soon be Christmas!' he chortled, leaping in out of the fog. A couple of hours later, he came into the kitchen for his tea break. I was reading a book. 'Taking it easy,' he said approvingly. 'Well, no reason why you shouldn't. Nothing I like better myself than sitting by the fire reading a good book.' I wondered how to explain to him that I was working. It seemed impossible.

He knocked off at five, and I read until past midnight. He was given a hot tea when he got home, and I ate a very cold apple. I may have made just enough money to pay for his cupboard, though not for the plasterer who came to plaster it and the painter who has yet to turn up to paint it. We were both working to the same end – a cupboard – but I can't help feeling that he got the best of the transaction. If I had built the cupboard myself, I wouldn't have had time to do the work to pay myself for building the cupboard . . . therefore I wouldn't have been able to afford, among other things, to learn how to build a cupboard in the future. Whichever way you look at it, it's a dead loss.

☐ Anyone who remembers the story about the Stow Market Company and the Duke of Grantesmil may like to know that the interim injunction preventing the market has been extended for three weeks. Both the Council and the Judge are playing for time, perhaps, while somebody reads up the small print in Edward IV's charter. I shall be in hospital, taking it easy, when the next decision is made; but the betting seems to be that there will be a market in the wastes of the Duke's manor by Christmas.

Penelope Mortimer

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ A 23-year-old student died naked and bound with rope at his flat in Maida Vale, an inquest heard on Friday. Returning a verdict of accidental death, coroner Mr. Gavin Thurston said: 'This is a very frequent happening, particularly with more intelligent young men, and this was a very intelligent young man doing well in his profession. It was an absolutely typical sexual masochistic incident and does not suggest any abnormality. – *Paddington Mercury* (Josephine Bacon)

☐ Nobody can accurately assess how many portraits there are of Queen Elizabeth II – there have been more than 80 official paintings and countless unofficial ones – but experts are in no doubt that by the end of her reign she will have been painted, etched, sculpted, carved and sketched more times than any other monarch in history, certainly more than any other human being. – *TV Times* (John McGill)

☐ An agency in London has started a silver Daimler service to take the pet dogs of busy people for a tour of the city and a walk. Fifty pets have already signed up for regular outings, which are £5 a time plus mileage and, presumably, lavish tip. One poodle, Gloria, has already been Daimlered to Scotland for £2,700 to visit her sister, who turned out to loathe her on sight. – *Guardian* (S. Bandal)

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

How bread could be made scrumptious again

From Marion Woolfson

I was most interested in Hannah Wright's article, 'The Scandal of British Bread' NS 12 October: in my early days in journalism, I interviewed Garfield Weston who is described, in your caption, as 'the guilty man' in the British baking industry. He told me (that was in 1960) that he had become a millionaire 'from bread' and that he owned bakeries in every part of the world, including the Caribbean. This means that in Third World countries, the former staple diet of unrefined grains, which was capable of sustaining health, has been replaced by polystyrene foam. This is bound to have a much more serious effect than in Britain with its additional and alternative sources of nutrition and considerably more affluence.

Nevertheless, the general public in this country is ill-informed about correct nutrition because the mass media are not likely to jeopardise a vast source of advertising revenue from bakery combines and manufacturers of refined sugar products and 'foods' which contain innumerable chemicals, such as anti-oxidants, emulsifiers, preservatives and colourants. Many people are now vaguely aware that wrapped, white bread isn't good for them and so they have begun to buy 'brown' bread although, in fact, this is often just white bread which contains artificial flavouring and colouring and which is not made from wholemeal flour.

Most people have been brainwashed into believing that there is no alternative to factory-produced pulp although, in fact, anyone without access to a health shop or other source of 'real bread' and who possesses an oven can produce delicious nutritious bread quickly and cheaply. I promise that those who suffer from intestinal problems caused by a diet of refined foods and an inadequate intake of natural fibres will benefit greatly from the following recipe:

Ingredients: 2 lb. 100 per cent stoneground wholemeal flour, 3 oz. natural, unprocessed bran, 3 oz. natural wheatgerm, 2 tablespoonsful safflower or sunflower oil, 1 teaspoonful honey, ½ oz. dried yeast, 2 teaspoonsful sea salt, 5 breakfast cupfuls warm water.

Method: Mix the dry ingredients. Mix the yeast with the honey and add ½ cupful of water. Leave for ten minutes until fermented. Add oil, remaining water and other ingredients. Mix well and knead for at least five minutes. Half fill oiled bread tins with the mixture and leave to rise for 1½ hours. Bake at 450 degrees or gas mark 7 for about 40 minutes or until well browned.

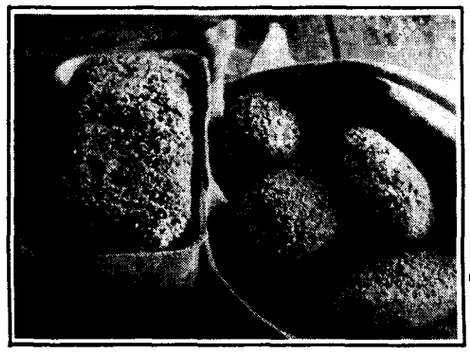
35 Camden Mews, London NW1

From Martin Weitz

Hannah Wright is to be congratulated on cutting up the arguments of the bread giants into little pieces. 'The Scandal of British Bread' was an excellent piece of journalism that deserves to be widely read.

She makes the point that the Food Additives and Contaminants Committee is made up of some amateurs who are unlikely to have an intimate knowledge of food additives. Worse than this, perhaps, is the fact that over one third of the members of this committee are employed by the food companies themselves. The present committee of 14 members includes representatives of the largest food processing companies in Britain: Smedley-HP Foods Ltd, Unilever Ltd, Reckitt and Colman and ICI who make the additives.

The consequences of this situation are extraordinary: it means that the food companies apply to themselves for permission to use food additives. Not so long ago MacFisheries asked for permission to use BFK (a colouring dye thought to be carcinogenic) to dye their kippers brown. MacFisheries not only had to show that it was safe to eat kippers painted brown with this coal tar dye, but also that there was a *need* to paint kippers this colour. Indeed every application before the FACC must show that there is a need to add the food additive. Could it be



Camera Press

that 99% of kippers sold in the UK are *still* painted brown with BFK because MacFisheries happens to be a subsidiary of Unilever?

How any honest food processor can justify the use of food colouring at all, let alone those which are suspected of being carcinogenic, remains a mystery. But it is easy to see how they continue to get away with it; they are their own judge and jury, deliberating on their own applications. A similarly composed commercial jury, called the Veterinary Products Committee, decides which antibiotics and hormones can be pumped into livestock.

In the interests of public safety the time has come to throw off members of these committees who have connections with industry and replace them with an independent group of assessors. Until then Britons will continue to consume more 'safe' carcinogens than any other country.

30 Lavers Road, London N16

From Alastair Mackie, Director-General of the Health Education Council

Hannah Wright's admirable indictment of the bread giants ('The Scandal of British Bread', NS 12 October) leaves out one count.

Not content with profiting by taking out of bread flour the bran that would otherwise protect us from bowel disease, the industry is making a very good thing out of putting it back into other products. Selling special bran bread, biscuits, buns, buds and Lord knows what else is far more profitable to producers than leaving the bran in the flour in the first place. They can also parade bran products as a response to health educators, ourselves included, content in the knowledge that it will take us a long time to get through to the people, still very numerous, who gum up their systems with the aerated white flannel that they have been moulded into liking by having it described to them by such terms as 'Mother's Pride'.

The clash between healthy eating and profit also happens in other parts of the food industry. Most notable are sugar confectionery, which displaces dentists as a determinant of child dental health; and foods such as full cream milk whose fat content is implicated, to put it no higher, in the 40% obesity rate that afflicts our population.

I was to have spelt this out at a Nutrition Conference last week. But when the hosts (the Flour Advisory Bureau, which is the even more acceptable face of the English and Irish Millers) saw my script they decided that it must be suppressed. Anybody who would like a copy of what frightened them has only to let me know.

78 New Oxford Street, London WC1

From Jane Grigson, cookery correspondent of the Observer magazine

Many people buy sliced bread not because they like it, but for the convenience. One friend has to make twenty-two sandwiches every working day for her family, which gives her no option.

If small bakers here invested in the latest toy of the French bakery, they could beat this problem and very likely double their sales. In France when you buy a close-textured bread – tin loaf or *pain de mie*, rye, wholemeal, etc. – you can have it sliced on an electric machine that takes a couple of seconds. Some bakers prepare a store of loaves every day, slicing and putting them into plastic bags, but most customers prefer to choose their own bread and have it sliced in front of them.

May I also point out that if you save up for a Kenwood Chef mixer with a dough hook attachment, you can bake bread at home daily, even if you are out at work. By adding nuts, onion, olives, etc., you can make such a variety of loaves that the daily pudding is not needed any more: it becomes a pleasure to eat bread and cheese, bread and fruit, or just bread and butter, at the end of the meal.

Broad Town Farmhouse, Broad Town, Swindon, Wiltshire

From M. D. Noar

In your article of 12 October on the evils of white bread you tell us that Third World turds weigh more than 1 lb per person per day, while British turds are smaller and stiffer and therefore have to be helped on their way by huge quantities of laxatives.

I would suggest to you, however, that this is not the end of the story. The sewerage systems of most of our major conurbations were laid down by the Victorians and were designed for much smaller populations than those they now serve. In many places they are already subject to recurrent overloading. While a high-fibre diet, including a return to wholemeal bread would doubtless work wonders for our individual digestive systems it could also produce an instant constipation of our sewers which might well prove even more damaging to the general state of public health.

149 Sandridge Road, St Albans

British exiles

From Joan Langrognat

May I add one timely word of advice to Jennifer Leopold (Letters 5 October) about the possible consequences of her marriage to a foreign national.

She would be well advised to make arrangements to return to Britain for the birth of her children. In my case I married a French national, and, as required by French law, followed my husband to France to live. My son was born in Paris in 1954. Following separation and divorce I returned to Britain with my son in 1972. Since then he has continued his studies and is at present completing an M.Sc. course at the London School of Economics. He has for several years undertaken community work as a playleader and he tutored last year at a College of Further Education to pay for his studies. After living in Britain for seven years he has just had his application for British citizenship refused.

The discrimination against children born abroad of British mothers is long-standing, but there now appears to be a bar on them ever being able to acquire British nationality.

8 Beaumont Court, Sutton Lane, London W4

Terry Duffy's pub brawl

From Jim Murray

Your conniving correspondent at the Labour Party Conference (NS 5 October) should have revealed the original source of the story of the Duffy/Murray meeting. It hardly qualifies as *Washington Post* investigative journalism to report as a scoop what I had freely discussed at the IWC meeting on the Sunday evening before Conference. The two hour 'secret meeting' with Duffy was in fact a forty minute slanging match in a Newcastle bar watched by various Engineering Union shop stewards who had just left a meeting addressed by Bro. Duffy on the Engineering strikes, the reason for his visit to the North East. I can hardly be forthcoming or otherwise about the meeting, with your correspondent, if he ignores me at Conference till the Wednesday morning when he had already written his story.

Your readers may have also been interested to know that my votes for and advocacy of the other

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two reforms were equally crucial in getting them accepted by the AUEW(ES) delegation which meant they were accepted by Conference. Or would this have spoiled the 'fix it' nature of the story? If instead of being embroiled in the Bloomsbury/Hampstead/Holland Park cabals of the Labour Party your correspondent had studied the AUEW rule book he would know that no job in the Union is in the gift of the President, we vote for everything. I even bought my own brown ale in the Newcastle bar.

I'm also sure that Tony Benn would not claim responsibility for Workers' Control and Combine Committees, these rather have more to do with figures in the past like Tom Mann and James Connolly and today's Mike Cooley, and all through the years shop stewards, especially of the Engineering Union, who have viewed with equal suspicion the bourgeois in the movement, both right and left. Wasn't it the once darling of the left, Barbara Castle, who in 1967 tried to push us towards a corporate state, with 'In Place of Strife', and wasn't it the plodding Unions with the current demon of the left, Jim Callaghan, who stopped them?

With standards of reporting like that in the piece on last week's Conference, your symbiotic machine should be dubbed 'The Enemies of Truth'.

Elswick Committee of Shop Stewards, Vickers Ltd, Elswick Works, Newcastle-upon-Tyne

The road from Darwin

From D. Ashton

Professor Steven Rose (28 September) compared the Cyril Burt IQ fraud to the Piltdown Ape-Man hoax. The former 'scientific scandal' no more destroys the probability of gene-related factors in human brain function, however, than the latter destroyed the probability of an evolutionary origin of the human species itself. What seems odd about your reviewer is that in hoping for a 'dialectical' explanation of 'differences in intelligence between individuals, classes and racial groups', he appears to discount the probability that evolutionary forces responsible for biochemical differentiation continued to operate in the world *after* the emergence of human brains. The road from Darwin leads not to Marx, Lysenko and Lawler, but to Galton, Jensen and Eysenck.

Connaught School, Connaught Road, London E11

Plea for disarmament

From Fenner Brockway; Philip Noel-Baker; Hugh Montefiore, Bishop of Birmingham; Professor A. J. Ayer; Jack Jones; Moss Evans; Judith Hart MP; Richard Body MP; Frank Allaun MP; Trevor Phillips, President of the National Union of Students; Glenda Jackson; John Arlott; James Cameron; and others

Disarmament has never been more necessary. It is accepted that existing weapons could destroy all life on earth. But it is also true that there has never been an opportunity as now to achieve disarmament. This is the fact: the Special Assembly of the United Nations has instructed the representatives of forty nations at Geneva, including all the nuclear powers, to recommend practical measures to abolish all armed forces except those needed for internal security and a UN peace keeping force, and meanwhile prepare proposals for the reduction of arms leading to complete disarmament.

At the Special Assembly of the United Nations all governments pledged themselves to cooperate in seeking disarmament. The British government gained the support of 15 nations in submitting radical proposals to Geneva; President Carter has declared for reducing nuclear arms to zero when the SALT II treaty is ratified; and President Brezhnev has advocated the destruction of all weapons of mass destruction.

These are the statements of governments, but experience has shown that the hopes of governments are not fulfilled unless there is pressure from peoples. In 1932 President Hoover prepared drastic disarmament, and there were high hopes, destroyed seven years later by the Second World War. That may happen again if peoples across all frontiers do not now make clear their demand for peace.

We can call on all peoples who desire disarmament to unite in a campaign within Britain and worldwide to achieve it. Those who called for disarmament in the past were called utopians. The UN Special Assembly and the Geneva discussions to implement its recommendations make us realists. If governments mean what they say disarmament *can* be achieved. The alternatives make action imperative: world disarmament or world death.

We sign this letter as individuals, though a mumber of us have the support of many associated with us. Those who share our concern and wish to help are asked to write to Lord Brockway, c/o 21 Rydons Lane, Old Coulsdon, Surrey.

Don't blame the Red Cross

From Peter Newman

It may seem churlish to react to John Pilger's cry from the heart (NS 12 October) on behalf of dead and dying children in Kampuchea by questioning the entire basis for his criticism of the ICRC. His indictment of this organisation is massive. He seems to be laying at the door of its Geneva organisation total moral responsibility for delays in supplying relief and for culpably adhering to its own terms of reference and those of the Geneva Convention.

The latter is unambiguous in its insistence on the neutrality of relief agencies. It is the product of more than 140 nation states agreeing to its multifarious clauses and it would surely be naive to suggest that a neutral organisation could do other than observe rules which would take years for all the signatories to alter and to ratify.

By quoting the overthrow of the regime in Uganda, John Pilger merely underlines the paradoxes of international politics where the recognition of different regimes always takes place according to calculations which have little to do with the physical welfare or 'democratic' health of the indigenous population.

It is the international *political* community which must bear responsibility for the 'filthy affair'. The ICRC, for all the faults it may have, has tried to carry out the brief which the nations of the world have imposed upon it. A unilateral abrogation of the rules might, as Pilger suggests, impress world opinion. It would, however, probably prejudice any chance of the ICRC operating effectively in the future when faced with a similar mixture of vicious power politics and millions dying in front of the cameras.

35 St Stephen's Terrace, London SW8

D. H. Lawence defended

From Philip Hobsbaum

Any reviewer can quote an author selectively and out of context, and so turn his work into caricature. To read Tom Paulin (NS 5 October) one would think that the writing of D. H. Lawrence was nothing but a series of intermittent shrieks of hate. Of course Lawrence wrote a good deal of nonsense, as any copious author does, including Mr Paulin himself. It would not be troublesome to quote from Mr Paulin's reviews – too many of which seem to have appeared in recent years – to show him careless, foolish and ignorant; and yet I am sure that this is not so. Why, instead of looking for nonsense in a writer's work, does not Mr Paulin seek out sense? If he looked again at the narrative of Tom and Lydia Brangwen's married life in *The Rainbow*, would he not reconsider his statement that Lawrence was 'extremely hostile to the middle-aged'? If Mr Paulin were to read those late masterpieces, *Etruscan Places* and 'The Ship of Death', could he still maintain that Lawrence to the end of his life preached 'a gospel of hatred'? Even in the Letters, which Mr Paulin purports to review, there are many passages of natural description which stand beside the writing of George Eliot, Richard Jefferies and even Thomas Hardy – whom I gather Mr Paulin admires.

The NEW STATESMAN gained no credit for percipience in reviewing Lawrence when he was alive. It is sad to find it still pointlessly vilifying this great English writer twenty-nine years after his death.

Department of English, University of Glasgow

Numbed by the state

From Evan Luard

I am a little mystified why Mr Arblaster, in reviewing my book *Socialism Without the State* (NS 28 September), should be so horrified by the statement (very much in passing) that 'the majority of humans are essentially passive and conservative'. I was clearly regretting this fact, and was repeating a lament made by many socialists, from Marx onwards, about the difficulty of arousing the *active* demand for change that is required if any radical alternative to existing structures is to be brought about. And, although I suggested that the state itself was partly responsible for the conditioning that had this effect, the whole book concerned the need to *change* that situation: to strengthen the upward-moving against the downward forces in society.

I am sorry Mr Arblaster felt the book showed a lack of 'serious research of sustained reading'. It was based primarily on fifteen years in active politics and, unlike most of those reviewed, was not intended as an academic work. It was aimed at the general reader and did not therefore, I felt, require the learned references and apparatus of scholarship I have adopted in my more academic writing.

St Antony's College, Oxford

Rhodesians in Britain

From Peter Broderick, Head of Information, Overseas Development Administration

David Caute's item on the Overseas Development Administration's programme of grants for Rhodesians studying in the UK (5 October) justifies a reply for the record.

There has been no cut in the financial provision for this programme announced in February 1979: no student has been rejected for financial reasons. Courses for English language teachers do qualify as 'developmental'. (Purely literary English courses do not.) The disparity between the projected figure announced in February of an additional 3000 grants and an actual take-up rate of about half of this is due to a genuine overestimate of qualified applicants. All qualified students able to get places have been or are being given a grant. The criteria adopted and the policies have not been changed.

Finally, at no time have applications been turned away or processing of these halted. For a few weeks the actual announcements of awards were held back, due to a public expenditure review, but the delay was explained to and – in our experience – accepted by applicants.

Eland House, Stag Place, London SW1.

David Caute replies: Mr. Broderick ignores (wisely) my reference to the Government's stubborn disqualification of Zimbabwean students who fled the country to avoid call-up by the Salisbury regime. When the financial embargo was imposed in August the Rhodesian Training Department of the British Council, which services the grants, was partially disbanded. The embargo was explained neither to the students nor the agencies involved. What Mr. Broderick's letter of disinformation conceals is that 4,000 full applications were received from Zimbabwean students and only 1,300 grants have been made. Of the 1,300, some 470 recipients have been prevented from leaving Rhodesia by the regime; although these students are British subjects holding British passports, the British Government has made no effort to persuade Muzorewa-Walls to let the students out.

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

What's in a name

Bad news from Appleton. The hornets have been at our plums. Tiring of a purely apple diet (a brand of mid-season flowering cooker called the Rev. W. Wilks has been a special favourite with them), they swiftly switched a fortnight ago to the Czar plums which were just coming into delicious purple ripeness. My humane view in matters affecting the animal, bird and insect world, not to speak of the balance of nature and so on, has always been 'share and share alike' and for this reason we have always retained in the spacious grounds of 'Myrtlebank' a specimen or two of forsythia, though seldom a blossom do we see for the buds are the particular joy of the beautiful bullfinches who nip them off with lively enjoyment as soon as they appear. And we have a few nut-trees but mainly for the benefit of a charming little grey squirrel (yes, yes, I know how naughty they are) who hops about, climbs here and there and is domiciled in a tree-perched bijou pent-house.

I regret to have to tell you, however, that hornets are by nature determinedly egomaniac and simply do not understand what is meant by sharing. Their peevish and belligerent attitude to anybody attempting to pick a plum leaves a great deal to be desired and so, to teach them a sharp lesson, we suspend, beneath the trees, jam-jars the tops of which are covered by a paper lid with a slight perforation in it through which the hornets can penetrate but out through which they find it difficult to back-track. To entice them into the jars, we fill them (the jars) with a heady mixture of beer and jam whose aroma mounts and encircles the plums and lures the marauders down. You'll want to know the composition of our mélange. We find that a blend of either Worthington's pale ale or Charrington's best bitter, coupled with a generous dollop of strawberry jam (Tiptree, naturally), works splendidly. The hornets hasten to abandon the fruit, hurry on down and into the jars, become rapidly intoxicated (in its way such a tribute to our fine British beers), sink into the liquid and drown, but what a lovely way to go. When my time comes, pray prepare for me a joyous tub of Double Diamond and Tiptree (the Morello Cherry Conserve, if you can run to it) and just dump me in.

All those deeply concerned with theological matters will have been scratching their tonsures and wondering about Rev. W. Wilks, relished by hornets and whom, as you will recall, I mentioned in connection with nutritious cooking apples. W for Walter, William, Wilfred or Wilberforce, do you suppose, and how did it come about that an ordinary Rev. got an apple, albeit merely a humble cooker, named after him, a feat never achieved by the saintliest of Bishops? Perhaps, intrigued by fruit, he was able to snatch a precious moment or two away from font and pulpit to dabble in the orchard with grafting and root-pruning and all that. I see him as a rather pallid bachelor with, and how rightly, a prominent Adam's Apple, his sole physical attraction a rather flutey tenor voice and a little inclined to preach sermons with texts such as 'Blessed are the meek' and 'Offer him the other cheek'. Not a robust type. This picture that I have of him is suggested by the fact that, or so my gardening book informs me, the Rev. W. Wilks is 'self-sterile' and requires a vigorous cross-pollinator, which flowers at a similar period, to get the Rev. Wilks, so to speak, going. Although I hereby run the risk of getting this horticultural divine unfrocked, I must state another fact, namely that the cross-pollinator especially recommended to cope with the Rev.'s troubles is none other than our old friend, Laxton's Superb, a sturdy and virile apple if ever there was one. The whole proceeding, linking together as it does wet Wilks and lusty Laxton, seems to me to smack rather too much of some of the activities discussed at such length in the Wolfenden Report. I may be, and indeed am, unduly sensitive but the first four letters of the word hornet are a worry too.

My gardening book was published in 1930 and shows the Rev. W. Wilks to have been already an apple of repute at that date, nearly fifty years ago. He can surely hardly have had an apple named after him while he was still a pale young curate, entrusted with an occasional and sparsely-filled evening service or the odd Churching of Women (a brisk affair lasting at the most fifteen minutes), and the distinction must have come to him when 'of riper years', a phrase I use purposely and in admiration of this excellent yellowish cooking apple. It seems therefore more than likely that the Rev. W. Wilks has passed across by now and learnt the answer to the Great Riddle, but should he be by any chance still happily with us and the life and soul of the Clergymen's Rest Home, let me assure him that I am speaking of him solely in his apple persona. And let me remind him that when the late Godfrey Winn had a rose named after him, he did not at all mind being announced to the world as costing seven shillings and sixpence and requiring a good mulch at frequent intervals. And he allowed himself to appear, complete with rose and house and toupet, on a coloured tea-cloth of which I am very happy to have an example.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever, as the poet Keats so correctly reminds us, and Godfrey's luxuriant toupet was a constant delight and fascination to behold. It is only when Keats goes on to say that, with a thing of beauty, 'its loveliness increases', that one feels that, in this particular case, the loveliness stayed right there where it was. Malcolm Muggeridge has described how it feels to appear with it, attached of course to its wearer, on the telly and how, when not in use, it sat snugly in a cardboard box and arrived by car. But whence came it? Sent by a fan? Lovingly pieced together from strands dropped and carefully gathered in the great youthful days? A postal bargain advertised in the Sundays? It was certainly not one of those beige teapot cosies that you sometimes see walking along streets on somebody's head and which announce themselves as being false from a distance of eighty yards. It tended down the years to cover a necessarily larger area and to advance and recede like the waves of the sea. Sometimes it hovered in mid-crumpet. Sometimes it withdrew and stayed modestly back from the crown. Sometimes, in a sort of defiant gesture, it plunged forward over the forehead and nearly joined up with the eyebrows. I got into terrible trouble once (on the grounds, as usual and as here, perhaps, of Bad Taste) for saying that two of the titles of the three volumes planned, but not fully completed, of his autobiography revealed that the works were, in point of fact, a disguised history of Godfrey's hair. The titles were 'The Infirm Glory' and 'Here Is My Space'. Well, what else could one possibly think? Never mind. He brought pleasure to millions (remember his Cudlipp-invented Personality Parade in the *Daily Mirror*?), he loved his life and his rose lives on.

Prior to 1930, and since then for all I know, ladies were far from well represented in the fruit world. There was certainly an apple called 'Annie Elizabeth' ('good firm flesh') but then she might be just anybody. There was 'Lady Sudeley' who showed her grip on things by liking to be cross-polinated by a Cox's Orange Pippin, and among gooseberries we find 'Broom Girl' (described as having 'very large fruits') who was obviously a well-favoured member of some household staff.

I am afraid that it is the more successful kinds of men who hog the orchard limelight, with the Duke of Devonshire and Lords Derby, Grosvenor and Lambourne, not to speak of Prince Albert himself. Dreadful old Gladstone appears twice, firstly as a very far from self-sterile mid-season pippin and again, and could anything be less suitable, as a late peach. Sir Joseph Paxton has been rightly and fittingly honoured among the strawberries. Biblical characters have not been neglected (there is a splendidly fruity black currant called Goliath) there are Saints Edmund and Everard, and Prince Albert crops up again amongst the red currants. Two delightful finds. Firstly, among the raspberries, of all places to put him, there is the Hailsham Berry (autumn fruiting, and very nice too) and then, among the 'perpetual fruiting' strawberries, there is the world's most mysterious Saint, St Fiacre. How he comes to be connected with those terrifying Paris taxis, Heaven knows.

Roger Woddis

Six of One

'Let us get rid of the no man's land which has divided the country for so long' – James Prior.
'Millions of workers go in fear of union power' – Mrs Thatcher.

Look here upon this picture,
And on this:
In one, the very face of reason;
In the other, all ice
And fashioned to a freezing season,
The lacquered mask of prejudice.

The jolly farmer and the raiding crow,
One speaking peace,
The other spitting war:
See what a grace
Is seated on this ruddy brow,
What rancour in that curving claw.

A combination and a team indeed,
Using an old technique:
To soften, all the more to bruise.
Between the kindly carrot
And the punishing stick
The unwilling beast is free to choose.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

John Bayley

Lolita and the Two Bears

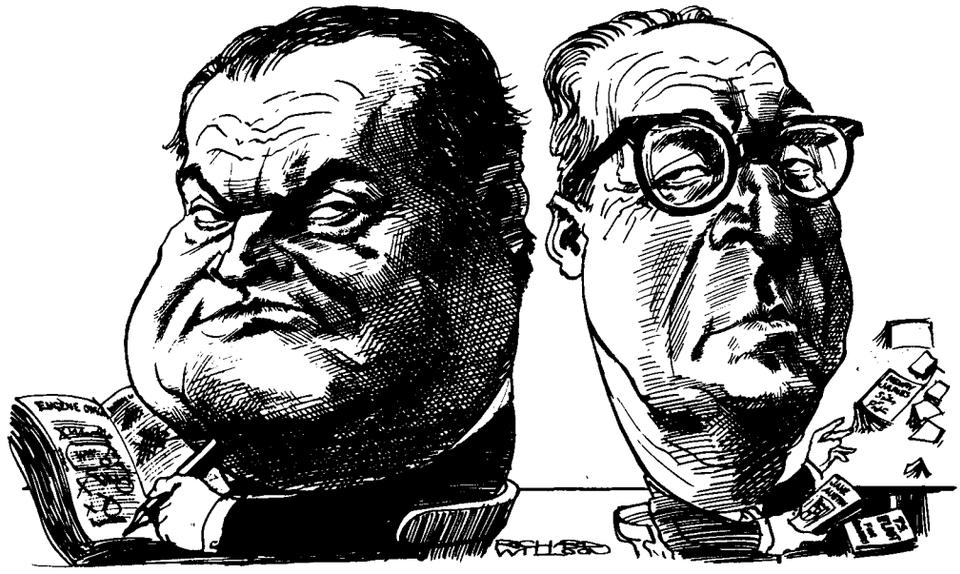
The Nabokov-Wilson Letters: Correspondence between Vladimir Nabokov and Edmund Wilson 1940–1971 edited by Simon Karlinsky *Weidenfeld* £12.50

Gorky once said that Death and Tolstoy were like two bears in one lair – they got along somehow but one of them would have to go in the end. The image of two kinds of strength, two kinds of unreconcilable esteem, comes to mind as one reads this remarkable and revealing exchange of letters between the author of *Lolita* and the author of *To the Finland Station*. A pity such a thing doesn't occur more often, for the unwitting self-presentation, the copious apologia of each for his convictions and style and being, make such an exchange far more satisfying to the curious inquirer than any biography could be; also we are getting two for the price of one, a right and left at two very odd and rare birds. What a pity that Dostoevsky and Chernyshevsky didn't write letters to one another over 30 years or so: or Proust and Sainte-Beuve.

The thought raises the question of the ultimate status of our present pair. Were they frauds, showmen in their different booths? How good in fact were they, at their respective *métiers*? The answer to that may be the real reason why the correspondence, sadly, ended in estrangement and silence. On the face of it they insulted each other and each others' views with friendly impunity. Neither minded the odd knock. Wilson thought *Lolita* no good and said so; ridiculed Nabokov's English style; laughed at his more eccentric critical judgments ('Hear you have just discovered Stendhal no good and are about to reveal it to your class'). Nabokov shook his head over the naiveté of Wilson on Soviet communism, and rapped him over the knuckles about his errors in Russian. So why should the *Eugene Onegin* translation have come so definitively between them, and ended, after embittered debate, the close personal and intellectual contact of so many years?

The answer must surely be envy. Wilson as critic-creator could tolerate Nabokov as creator-critic, provided the latter's reputation remained a recondite one, something in which he himself could take a certain possessive pride. But it quite suddenly got out of hand. Wilson could not forgive such overwhelming success. That, more than the official explanation of the Pushkin quarrel, must surely be the answer. But this, in any case, is a collection to be savoured for what it shows us of the two men, their quirks and mutual appeals over small but fascinating points of language or scholarship. The editor has performed a labour of love that will put all Russianists, as well as private detectives of the novel, permanently in his debt. After each letter notes elucidate the jokes, the obscurities, the linguistic mishaps which gave them joy when detected in the works of others and chagrin in their own, the macaronic quotes – Russian ones printed in impeccable Cyrillic. (A hack American novelist who wanted to jump on the Russian bandwagon in the war, and do a romance about partisans, appealed to Nabokov for a few Russian tags, suitable for interchange among soviet patriots – 'Keep it up, comrade', 'The party applauds our struggle' – things like that. Nabokov slipped in among others *Razyebe tvoiu dushu*, which the editor calls an untranslatable obscenity, but which could be feebly paraphrased as 'Go and copulate with your soul'.)

Though the great Pushkin translation row interrupted the friendship it did not destroy it.



But we leave the pair rather sadly in 1971, with Wilson reporting his first stroke, and fame and affluence conducting Nabokov back to Europe, to his suite on the top floor of the Montreux Palace Hotel. Over Pushkin Wilson had barely a leg to stand on. His Russian was not good – he is dependent on his friend throughout for corrections and references – and he even asked him at one point to vet a schoolboyishly feeble clerihew on Tolstoy, composed in Russian, which Nabokov good-naturedly took apart, calling it 'a salad of mistakes'. There is something touching about this exhibition of weakness on the part of the formidable critic, but perhaps Wilson simply ignored his own weakness as a Russian scholar, though Nabokov was never behindhand at pointing it out. For his part Wilson found Nabokovan a doubtful language, tolerable as an eccentricity on a novelist's part, but absurd as a vehicle for translating Pushkin. I suspect that Nabokov was taking off in his own elaborate way the archness and sprightliness that runs helpless riot through every attempted verse translation of *Eugene Onegin* (except the latest by Charles Johnston). Complete grammatical accuracy is always a trifle leaden, and Nabokov sought to give a kind of transmuted parallel to Pushkin's zing by deploying bizarre substantives in impeccable syntactic order. I think myself that it comes off delightfully.

Both writers were more preoccupied than would be the case today with what used to be called questions of style. Let loose in the English language Nabokov grabbed exotic things off shelves as if in a supermarket. Wilson's slightly patronising mention of Conrad in this context could not be less apt. Where Conrad suffered agonies with English Nabokov revelled in it – and Anglo-American too – with uninhibited gaiety and exhibitionism. 'Conrad knew how to handle *readymade* English better than I; but I know better the other kind. He never sinks to the depths of my solecisms, but neither does he scale my verbal peaks.'

Whatever we may think of those peaks the fact is that Nabokov became a popular writer through his success in an unlikely alchemy – recreating in English something of the geniality and mysterious transparency of the early Russian classics, the animation of Pushkin and the lyric dishevelment of Gogol. From inside the fold of the Russian language he could never have borrowed so creatively from his two favourite authors. However remarkable, his Russian novels are ineluctably arcane and experimental, Silver Age work: English added a new dimension by offering a real breakthrough to the Russian past. In *Lolita* and *Pnin*, *Speak, Memory* and *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight*, what Nabokov had always abhorred as 'human interest' flooded in, but it came through the language, not through sentiment and intention. As with Shakespeare or Dickens such popularity indicates a work of real size and scope, achieving a wide audience without sacrificing any of the distinction it has for the judicious.

But Wilson disliked *The Gift* and *Bend Sinister* for other reasons. Karlinsky points out in a perceptive introduction that Wilson failed to understand the extreme political seriousness of these early novels. His own views on the Russian revolution were fixed, ultimately on the simplistic basis of regarding Lenin as a 'good thing' rather as Peter had been christened the Great by history as a 'good thing'. Wilson preferred to discount Nabokov's knowledge of what really happened, and was deeply shocked by his comparison of the

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Bolshevik seizure of power with that of the Nazis. Moreover he dismissed out of hand the traditions of Russian liberalism which Nabokov, following his distinguished father, passionately believed in; and was misguided enough to mistake the historic impotence of Russian liberalism for intellectual feebleness, even though all that is best and brightest in Russia has come from the loyalties of its liberal intelligentsia.

In one memorable letter Nabokov struck back at his tormentor:

> You naively compare my (and the 'old Liberals') attitude towards the Soviet regime to that of a 'ruined and humiliated' American Southerner towards the 'wicked' north. You must know me and Russian liberals very little if you fail to realise the amusement and contempt with which I regard Russian *emigrés* whose 'hatred' of the Bolsheviks is based on a sense of financial loss or class degringolade . . . People who read Trotsky for information anent Russian culture can't be expected to know all this . . . what you know see as a change for the worse ('Stalinism') is really a change for the better in knowledge on your part. The thunderclap of administrative purges woke you up, something that the moans in Solovki or at the Lubianka had not been able to do, since they affected men on whose shoulders St. Lenin's hand had lain . . . I am now going to state a few things which I think are true and which I don't think you can refute. Under the Tsars (despite the inept and barbarous character of their rule) a freedom-loving Russian had incomparably more possibility and means of expressing himself than at any time during Lenin's and Stalin's reign. He was protected by law. There were fearless and independent judges in Russia. The Russian *sud* after the Alexander reforms was a magnificent institution, not only on paper. Periodicals of various tendencies and political parties of all possible kinds, legally or illegally, flourished.

Well, much of this is commonplace to us, but American progressives in 1947 didn't want to hear it at all. It is an answer to an earlier letter of Wilson's, which accused Nabokov of knowing nothing of 'questions of social and political change, because you are totally uninterested in these matters and have never taken the trouble to understand them'. In the context Wilson's knowledge was the sort that depends on finding out what you want to find out.

Yet it is certainly true that Nabokov lacked Wilson's genuine passion for new fields of knowledge, his thirst to find out new things. Nabokov could be conservative in the worst sense, trotting out the old prejudices and laughing at writers interested in general ideas or in human nature. His consistent criterion, and it can be irritating, is the vulgarity of writers who take themselves and their views seriously and imprison their art inside them. They are always in danger from *poshlost*, the inner bad taste that comes out as a lie (the most *poshli* phrase in contemporary Soviet myth is the 'Gleaming Heights of Socialism', satirised in Zinoviev's *Yawning Heights*.) As prose writer Pasternak himself did not escape *poshlost*. Zhivago was a 'lyrical doctor with penny-awful mystical urges and an enchantress straight out of Charskaya'. Pasternak's novel can shrug off the truth in that, just as it can also ignore Wilson's eulogy ('one of the great events in man's literary and moral history'). Where Nabokov is quite unerring is on the *poshlost* in Hemingway, and in almost every other 'powerful' contemporary American novelist. That irreverence annoyed Wilson too, but it must have made Nabokov a most stimulating teacher, constantly administering shocks to the received ideas of young American students.

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William Rodgers

A Proper Social-Democrat

Hugh Gaitskell: A Political Biography by PHILIP M. WILLIAMS *Cape* £15

For a whole generation now active in politics and public life, Hugh Gaitskell's name is an echo from long ago. The extraordinary impact of his premature death, the deep sorrow and the emptiness, remained the experience of those who mourned in private and silently remembered. Anxious that old wounds should heal, his friends in the Labour Party turned loyally to a new leader, although one who had challenged Gaitskell in his darkest hour. The Gaitskellites lived on but seldom invoked in public the name of the leader they had lost.

At the time of his death, Hugh Gaitskell had been leader of the Labour Party for seven mostly stormy years. He had served, more than a decade before, for barely a year in Cabinet, leaving no monument of legislation behind him. He had not been born into the purple of a mining community or an East End slum, nor had greatness thrust upon him by the exigencies of wartime. But he had developed to maturity in a singularly straight line, revealing at each stage a dimension hitherto unsuspected.

Philip Williams has written a majestic biography which should please and calm those who have waited impatiently for its appearance. It is an immense achievement of careful scholarship which will become an indispensable source book for the political history of our times.

Mr Williams makes no secret of his own sympathy for Gaitskell's views and dedicates his book to the late Anthony Crosland, an affectionate friend of both of them. But it is not a work of hagiography. It is a patient, painstaking account of the career of a remarkable man and the events through which he lived. My direct personal experience of him was slight and not always encouraging. He was inexcusably unfair on one public occasion, although seeking later to make amends. I was deeply distressed by the tone as well as the conclusion of his last great speech on the Common Market at Brighton in 1962. But in an extraordinary way I see and hear him still, a witness in a distant place to the values that I care about.

The NEW STATESMAN, never Hugh Gaitskell's warmest friend, showed characteristic reaction to his appointment in 1947 as Minister of Fuel and Power. First the generous – 'he has proved himself a first-class administrator' – and then the grudging – 'he has still to show that he possesses the qualities of leadership'. On this occasion it was right. Hugh Gaitskell, the academic turned civil servant turned politician, was a highly competent man, respected within his Department for having strong views and a determination to get his own way. He knew the machine from the inside and had been tutored by Hugh Dalton in the underground ways of Mandarin Whitehall. But now it was different, whether as a Departmental Minister in the House, piloting the Gas Bill through its endless Committee, or meeting the miners in negotiation and down the pit. Years later, Aneurin Bevan found it difficult to understand. Why should the miners' union prefer a desiccated calculating machine to a man born in the back streets of Tredegar? It was a fair question, but by then Hugh Gaitskell had shown the qualities of leadership that the sceptics had denied.

The first half of the 1950s were bleak years for the Labour Party. The Morecambe Conference of 1952 was violent and depressing.

The contest for the succession to Clement Attlee would shortly be joined and the anger was already there. Gaitskell had been 'pretty sure' that Bevan would be Prime Minister one day and preferred him to Harold Wilson 'who trims and wavers'. But the congenial dinners with Stafford Cripps had come to an end with the need for an effective ceiling to NHS expenditure. Bevan, passed over first as Cripps's successor and then – more unfairly – to follow Bevin at the Foreign Office, lost patience. Gaitskell, John Strachey ventured, was a considerable man. '*Considerable*!' Bevan replied. 'But he's nothing, nothing, nothing.'

For 12 years, from his appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer in the autumn of 1950 until his death, Gaitskell was in the front rank of politics. The first phase, until the end of 1955, was dominated by the struggle for the soul of the Labour Party and the battle for the leadership. Although strenuously opposed to the more extravagant demands of the Ministry of Defence (under Shinwell), his commitment to rearmament in the face of the Korean War transformed his career. Soon he was under strenuous attack from *Tribune*, financed, unknown to its readers in the constituencies, by the mischief-making Beaverbrook.

The old leadership – Attlee, Bevin, Morrison, Dalton, Cripps – was dying or exhausted and defeat in the 1951 General Election opened the floodgates of recrimination. Did the country want more socialism or less, a campaign to rouse the Labour faithful or a commitment to consolidate the achievement of six busy years in power?

But the second phase, once the leadership was settled, was remarkable for its achievement. Hugh Gaitskell liked congenial companions with whom he could relax. He welcomed parties and the opportunity to dance – at trade union functions as at his Hampstead home. But the leadership of the Labour Party called for reconciliation and positive steps to build unity, cooperating closely with Bevan himself, recognising the claims of Harold Wilson and giving R. H. S. Crossman his most creative opportunities in policy-making and presentation. It is a legend, as Philip Williams demonstrates, that Gaitskell had no will or

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capacity to unite his colleagues and draw on all their talents. Awkward at times and impatient of those lacking loyalty and courage, he fully accepted the obligations of leadership in the Broad Church of the Labour Party.

The third and fourth phases of his leadership career were compressed with dramatic intensity into the closing three years of his life. On the eve of the 1959 Election, Gaitskell was confident enough to write out his Cabinet list but within hours of the closing of the polls, he conceded victory to Macmillan. His leadership was not immediately under challenge: 'brilliant' said Barbara Castle, 'inspired' wrote J. P. W. Mallalieu, old Bevanites both.

But the mood did not last and his determination to change Clause 4 was mistaken (a mistake a number of us shared). The substance of the Party's commitment to a mixed economy had already been achieved and a symbolic victory for revisionism was too high a price to pay for alienation from many of his own best supporters. The stage was set for the tough, cruel battle of 'Ban the Bomb!' and for the fight to save the party that he loved.

Gaitskell in defeat had changed his style. As Philip Williams says, he had chosen to challenge the central myths of the party and confront his followers with uncomfortable realities. But the issue of unilateralism went deeper. Here there was no escape even had he preferred one. The peacemakers – Crossman, drafting; Wilson, manoeuvring; Benn, resigning – all sought to avoid confrontation. In the event, the Scarborough speech and the year spent reversing the decision greatly strengthened Gaitskell's authority and, with it, the public standing of the Labour Party.

And so to the final phase, with conciliation again the theme and hostility to the Common Market drawing to him many who had been most opposed.

The question remains: what sort of man and what sort of leader? In three essential respects, he was a mainstream Labour leader. In the first place, he had a deep commitment to the Labour Party as a community and an institution. His critics found it difficult to stomach but from the General Strike onwards (and he was 20 in 1926), he was *of* the Labour Party and not merely in it. 'This is the horrible side of politics,' he could complain at a difficult point in his early Ministerial career. 'I very much doubt whether I am really suited.' But he stayed close both to the heart of the Labour Party and the prosaic routine of its corporate life.

Secondly, he was ruthless and single-minded in the day-to-day business of fighting the Conservatives in Parliament and elsewhere. Crushing in his verdict on Butler's 1955 Budget (Philip Williams deals with the curious phenomenon of 'Butskellism'), reckless in his denunciation at the time of Suez and devastatingly effective on Commonwealth immigration. Gaitskell was often condemned as a traitor to his class. He avoided personal abuse in speeches and he did not apply a political test to members of his social circle. But he did not like the Tory party and opposed it with relish.

Thirdly, behind the working politician there was a man passionate in his values and clear in his vision. His eventful year in pre-war Vienna and his earlier experience among the Nottingham miners made him 'a proper social democrat'. At the 1955 Margate Conference, he infuriated Aneurin Bevan by the 'sheer demagogy' of his declaration of faith in 'fellowship . . . and the liberties we cherish'. But he was articulating, more simply and in public, the convictions of a lifetime.

The fullest statement of Hugh Gaitskell's political position is in his friend Evan Durbin's much neglected *The Politics of Democratic Socialism*, published in the early days of the second world war. Gaitskell's preface to a later edition, quoted by Philip Williams, remains his own best description of the outlook he shared with his closest circle. Social justice 'in no way inspired with class hatred' was fundamental. But they were 'equally devoted to democracy and personal freedom'. They wanted to get results and 'had great faith in the power of reason both to find the answers to social problems and to persuade men to see the light'. This was the approach that gave deep substance to his life.

I grew up on the moderate left of the Labour Party, bored with Attlee, hostile to Morrison and socially uneasy in the company of the confident middle-class. Politics was a crusade, and passion both the product and the instrument of it. In the early 1950s, I was an incipient Bevanite, although more NEW STATESMAN perhaps than *Tribune* (six lucky runs, two undeserved wickets and one dropped catch at the annual cricket fixture). Hugh Gaitskell was not an immediately glamorous leader. He did nothing – why should he? – to engage the personal loyalty of a young, untried Fabian socialist seeking a sense of direction. But in 1963 I was among the 'generation of politically-minded progressive people', to use Philip Williams's phrase, for whom an inspiration went out of public life.

An element of the enigma remains. 'I have avoided amateur psychology,' says Philip Williams in his preface to the book. But what made Hugh Gaitskell tick? What were the instincts and affections behind the public face? Perhaps we shall never know. Meanwhile here was a brave and honest man of high intellectual achievement and great strength of character, above all, one who took the cynicism out of politics. Of how many others called to high office, can we say the same?

John Arden & Margaretta D'Arcy

Bomb Culture

Exiles of Erin: Irish Migrants in Victorian London by LYNN HOLLEN LEES *Manchester* £11.50

The Dynamite War by K. R. M. SHORT *Gill & Macmillan* £8.95

A History of Irish Flags by G. A. HAYES-McCOY *Academy Press, Dublin* £22

> The mobilization of the Irish nationalists in London reached its peak in June and July of 1848 . . . News of threatened insurrection filtered into the Home Office in early June . . . pikes were being sold . . . Irish labourers were buying guns . . . The police decided to clamp down on Irish nationalist demonstrations.

It may surprise some readers to discover that all this militancy described by Professor Lees was but a part of their own home-grown revolutionary movement, and that the police were in the process of saving civilisation not so much from the Irish as from the entire working class of these islands. For Chartism, in the 1840s, had embraced Irish independence alongside, and equally with, democratic power for the proletariat: its collapse meant the end of the Irish struggle as a prime ingredient of revolutionary aspiration throughout Britain. This vacuum was quickly – and profitably – filled by the Catholic Church, with which the Irish immigrants had not hitherto been notably identified. Emancipation (through the *Irish* agitation of O'Connell) had indeed taken place: but its beneficiaries in this country were the enfranchised middle class, and its patrons such aristocratic recusants as the Duke of Norfolk. The immigrant masses from Ireland were chiefly remarkable for the irregularity of their religion (they had a church attendance record worse than that of the English!): and their political violence was associated with this

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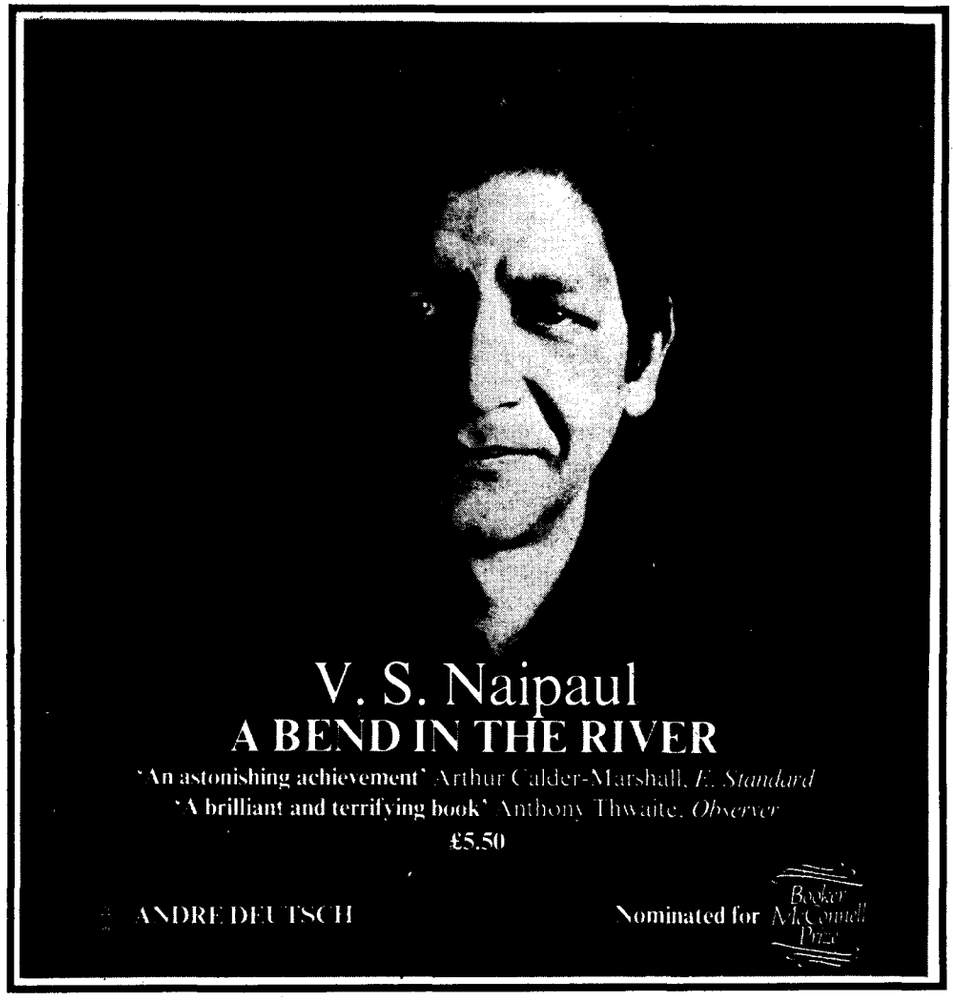
in the minds of the Establishment.

With the revival of the Roman hierarchy in 1851 Cardinal Wiseman made a determined effort to organise (and anglicise) these people into a respectable Victorian religious community. As his work progressed, and the political franchise was extended, eliminating the apparent need for revolt, a series of paradoxes became evident. The English Catholic Church, by trying to use Irish nationalism to increase its membership and convert all Britain, only made Catholicism and Irish nationalism indivisible: the English Catholic ruling class (associated with High Toryism) secured the allegiance of the small Irish middle class, but totally failed with the Irish working class, which looked for a political home in a British Labour movement no longer prepared to accord priority to Irish independence. The Irish had therefore to create their own quietist sub-culture in Britain, where (as Professor Lees points out), 'fuelled by continued national demands for an end to partition, the Irish sense of a separate ethnic identity has remained strong'.

Hers is in fact a fascinating book (though rather short), mixing history, sociology and folklore: and it contains several other corrections of preconceived ideas. For instance: it was not mere deprivation that brought the Irish over (most of them came from the wealthier counties of Ireland), but a drive to take part in the industrial revolution: and their families were smaller than the British average of the time. Also Professor Lees stresses the importance of women's earnings in immigrant families, thus contradicting the modern myth of the Irishwoman as 'home-maker'. Her chapter on politics is perhaps the least developed – she has nothing to say about early Marxism's considerable connections with the Irish community, nor about the effects on the London Irish of the Dynamite War of 1881-7.

This campaign, directed from America and waged by Irish-American exiles, singularly prefigured more recent Irish bombing offensives down almost to the smallest detail. The Victorian dynamitards were constantly preoccupied by the dangers of exposing the Irish community to reprisal: and as a result they pulled their punches. But they did terrify the government, which – in its helplessness and its awareness of the political negligence that had allowed its Irish policy to generate such anger – produced for posterity the wretched legacies of (1) the Special Branch, (2) the Secret Service, (3) the Official Secrets Act, and (4) the principle of 'emergency' legislation that somehow never gets repealed. Ominously uncoiling from Dr Short's precise account (his Whitehall sources maddeningly, but predictably, reticent upon the crucial matter of the informer-network responsible for most of the arrests) is the repetitive cycle of Irish insurgency: grievances ignored; violence committed, denounced, and punished with vindictive fury; the ill-treatment of prisoners once again producing violence . . . The chain of lethal consequence is perhaps underplayed: Tom Clarke, imprisoned dynamitard, was rather more than just another 'Easter Martyr' in 1916. He in fact co-ordinated the entire Rising: and probably brought into it the trade-union forces of Connolly, himself a product of the Labour affiliations of the Irish community in Britain. And the funeral of O'Donovan Rossa (who ran most of the dynamite teams) was the immediate inspiration of that famous fulfilment of 'physical force' doctrine.

The third of these excellent books about Ireland's British problem is a posthumous work by a *military* historian. If that suggests a high-dry reactionary of brusque Sandhurst callousness, we are happy to refute the notion. The late Professor Hayes-McCoy (Galway University) expounded a humorous civilised nationalism (he regretted the Tri-colour as implying the very sectarianism it purports to challenge) and he used this beautifully-illustrated story of his country's flag to illuminate the whole course of contradictory conflicts into which Irish people have been dragged since the Norman invasion. There are soldiers' flags, rebel flags, trade union flags, and a (loyalist) banner from Long Kesh. Anyone bored or depressed by Irish history would find in this book a vigorous and colourful antidote – despite its unpromising dust-jacket; and the high price, which means that only libraries are likely to buy it. Let us hope that they will.



Nicholas Shrimpton

Left-Handed Wankers

The Storyteller by ALAN SILLITOE *W. H. Allen* £5.95
Alan Sillitoe: A Critical Assessment by STANLEY S. ATHERTON *W. H. Allen* £7.50

When a novelist quarries his own early experience as obsessively as Alan Sillitoe has done, explicit self-examination seems superfluous. Yet in *Raw Material* (1972) he gave us just that. His family background, childhood memories and literary principles were explored at length in a book so protean that the author himself wasn't sure whether to describe it as autobiography or historical fiction. 'It is necessary for every person to explain himself', he insisted on the final page. 'I do so halfway through my writing life (being if nothing else an optimist) for my own benefit, and as a way of burning bridges.' The bridges didn't stay burnt for very long. Sillitoe revised *Raw Material* in 1974 and again in 1976. This year he has added a preface. Now, in his new novel *The Storyteller*, he returns once again to the business of self-explanation.

The setting is his familiar Nottingham and the concern is with the craft of fiction. The treatment is, however, no longer a literal one. Instead Sillitoe tells the story of Ernest Cotgrave, a boy who discovers in the school playground that a gift for narrative can be an acceptable substitute for a strong right arm. Bullies hang upon his every word, distracted from their brutal purpose by their wish to hear about his eccentric uncle. He grows up to be a professional entertainer, improvising short stories in the pubs and clubs. This is not, of course, a realistic account of English popular entertainment and the reader who turns to Sillitoe for sociological information about how

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the poor live should treat it very carefully. Ernest Cotgrave's performances are an image, and a powerful one, of the relationship between the imaginative writer and his public.

At the heart of this portrait of the artist as alehouse raconteur lies that familiar problem of raw material. What does the novelist use to build his fictions? Sillitoe's answer is himself, his relatives and his friends. In the confined world of the Nottingham pubs Cotgrave tells stories about the very people who make up his audience. He distorts their lives and fantasises about their future. But they remain recognisably themselves and may, if hurt by the account he gives of them, take revenge. His own life is equally at the mercy of his gift, and the example of the celebrated 18th-century fraud George Psalmanazar (a Frenchman who successfully passed himself off as the first Formosan to visit Europe) is repeatedly invoked to make the point obvious. Psalmanazar as good as invented himself. Perhaps Cotgrave, and all his fellow storytellers, do the same? Certainly, well before the end of the book, it is hard to tell whether the hero's flight from an offended and murderous miner is based on fact or merely an immutable fancy.

As this suggests the novel is both rich and strange, and its final section casts the realistic status of what has gone before still further into doubt. It is witty, allusive and sprinkled with tantalising hints of Sillitoe's own tastes and opinions. Cotgrave is said, for example, to love manuals of navigation and the Old Testament. Do these shared pleasures mean that we are also to attribute his vitriolic denunciation of socialism, revolution and 'the Left-handed Wankers Party' to an author somewhat changed from the radical of the 1960s? Sillitoe has always been an individualist and a hater of systems. But Cotgrave's slogan 'Better the chains you know, than the chains you don't' suggests that his creator may recently have been undergoing some interesting intellectual changes.

Illumination of such matters is what one would like to receive from Stanley S. Atherton's *Alan Sillitoe: A Critical Assessment*. Though the book was written before the appearance of *The Storyteller*, the author did interview Sillitoe and his penultimate chapter has the promising title 'New Directions'. In fact this is yet another study of the much discussed early work, with dutiful accounts of its literary and sociological background. The discussion of Sillitoe's views on writing is confined, for no obvious reason, to opinions expressed before 1965, the criticism is pedestrian and there are some startling inaccuracies. Sillitoe's autobiographical essay 'The Long Piece', for instance, is referred to (most inappropriately) as 'The Long Peace'.

Fortunately Sillitoe has provided us with his own reflections upon his work as a writer, in a novel which gives a genuine sense of new directions and developing talent. Twenty years ago he remade what had originally been a group of short stories into *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, that masterly demonstration that it is possible to write a working class *education sentimentale*. In *The Storyteller* he again combines his remarkable gift for the short story with a larger narrative design. 'Halfway through his writing life' he seems to be recapturing the zest and formal confidence of his first novel.

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John Mole

Prisoner of Sex

The Pornographer by JOHN McGAHERN *Faber* £4.95
The Sleep of the Great Hypnotist by PETER REDGROVE *Routledge* £5.95
The Unlimited Dream Company by J. G. BALLARD *Cape* £4.95
The Goosefeather Bed by DIANA MELLY *Duckworth* £5.95

Set mainly in and around Dublin, John McGahern's fine new novel is an unchaptered sequence of moral evasions and discoveries. Its narrator earns his living as the purveyor of a fashionably juiced-up sexual automatism – pornographic scenarios involving two grotesque, indefatigable athletes – while his own life engages with those very 'unseemly infirmities' which he is instructed to keep out of his work despite his editor's cynical acknowledgment that 'knowing real people are involved gives the spice of pornography a very satisfying solidity'. McGahern sets the awkwardness of actual relationships against the brutal vacuity of the pornographer's fantasies and shows a man both intrigued and disturbed by his own incompetence.

Throughout the book, the narrator makes regular visits to his dying aunt who nourishes a bond of wit and affection between them, although at the outset 'I was ashamed of the violence of the reflections my own emotional idleness during the visit had brought on'. It is, at first, this emotional idleness which leads him casually into what becomes the novel's other main event – the relationship with an 'elderly' girl eight years his senior – only to result in his being disconcertingly challenged by the demands made on him. 'The dead of heart can afford to be violent' – they make the ideal pornographers – but their insensitivity amounts to a terrifying vacuum which is relentlessly explored in this novel through various inconclusive encounters. 'I don't know whether you picked it up writing that pornographic stuff or not,' says the girl at a point of crisis for her, 'but there's a lack of feeling that makes me sorry for you.' In fact, the provincial sexual 'liberator' – 'Ireland wanking is Ireland free' – is seen, in larger terms, as being little more than the prisoner of his own moral inadequacy.

What makes *The Pornographer* particularly impressive, though, is the skill with which McGahern, while ruthlessly defining 'the images that enmesh and fester round a life', shows his narrator moving painfully, by a combination of instinct and deliberation, towards his decision to marry the girl (who has set up in London) and take responsibility for the child he has fathered. Throughout the novel, the twin emblems of the womb and the grave keep surfacing and linking – there is even a flip joke from the editor, Maloney, about making a pram in the shape of a coffin – and clearly the final decision to 'make a go of it' arises from an increased awareness of the value of human life brought about by the

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aunt's slow death. What begins as a novel chilled by the apparent callousness of its protagonist ends on a note of moving, if guarded, affirmation which winds up the thread of cynicism into the pathetic figure of Maloney driving dangerously, helplessly away from the aunt's funeral in the company of his star pornographer who no longer endorses his own sense of failure. 'Why don't you watch the road?'/'I've been watching the bloody road all my life and it tells me nothing . . .'/'It might get us there if you did.' One finishes *The Pornographer* feeling, despite all, that indeed it *might*. McGahern wrote in an earlier novel, *The Dark*, that although 'you could begin again and again all your life, nobody's life was more than a direction'. There seems no doubt that some directions are more courageously chosen than others.

Peter Redgrove is a farceur given to psychic high-jinks beneath which runs a subsong of wild wisdom. Buffoon guru, zany healer, he renders the variousness of things with primitive clarity, presents phenomena as incident in a series of seemingly inexhaustible transformations and clearly sympathises with the hero of his latest extravaganza who believes that 'if we uncover our deep instinctual responses and allow them to grow we can enjoy them consciously and become whole'. Even at its most hilariously absurd, *The Sleep of the Great Hypnotist* makes compelling reading. It concerns the inventive career of George Pfoundes, hypnotist, and the experiences of his daughter in liberating herself from the tyranny of his posthumous existence. The plot sounds as if it ought to be an amalgam of Poe, Jung and the Monty Pythons but Redgrove's is an original imagination and he inspires trust. As he himself says of Pfoundes' more risible flights of fancy, 'it might be nonsense but it was true nonsense'.

So it seems, at least, while one is on the trip. Redgrove's achievement in this surprisingly compact novel – surprising since his poems are often rather sprawling catalogues of phenomena – is to build coherently upon a flux of sensations. He does not always avoid straining for effect but this is, perhaps, a measure of his energy. Indeed, his abundant universe is not unlike Pfoundes' consulting room. 'When he is not there, it is gaudy. As he sits in it, it is hypnotic.' In *The Sleep of the Great Hypnotist* Redgrove is more at home than away.

J. G. Ballard, though, hardly arrives. In *The Unlimited Dream Company* he too goes for the visionary but lacks an essentially subtle imagination. What abounds is a kind of cartoon invention, a programmed dream-logic cleverness, a rather pretentious Magical Mystery Tourism. Blake, the hero, steals a plane (he has never flown before), crashes it in the Thames, is adopted by the residents of Shepperton as a messianic figure and proceeds to bring them to a life beyond life so that, at the novel's climax and after a few setbacks, they can be instructed in how to fly. Like his namesake, he reverses the song of experience, bringing flowers where tombstones have been, and dreams of 'repopulating Shepperton, seeding in the wombs of its unsuspecting housewives a retinue of extravagant beings'. Certainly Ballard succeeds in demonstrating what an endless supply of semen can do in the hands of the phenomenally gifted. Blake's copious ejaculations transform Shepperton into a multi-foliate clambering of new life: 'Again I ejaculated beside the tennis courts and hurled my semen across the flowerbeds' and so on. The flight sequences which close the book ('It's time, Miriam! Time to fly!') are Superman and Lois Lane with an apocalyptic coating, and the total impact of *The Unlimited Dream Company* is that of a hard-edged, brilliant fabrication.

Diana Melly has a keen eye for domestic detail, and *The Goosefeather Bed* has quite an air of sad sophistication about it – drinks, cigarettes, trips abroad, buying postcards at the Tate, etc. – but the central character, Stella, is simply not interesting enough to sustain even such a short (and expensive) novel. The well-heeled marital emptiness which she attempts to fill by having an affair with the much younger Simon is fitfully explored in terms of her mother whose funeral opens the book and whom she rejected – 'has Martha cut these footsteps in the cold for me to follow?' – but emotional analysis is not Diana Melly's forte; in her hands it becomes either Pocket-Freud trivial or dully portentous. Lacking this necessary dimension, though, *The Goosefeather Bed* has to stand as what it is: a very slight slice of metropolitan discontent.

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Beneath the Skin

Positive Image: Towards a Multiracial Curriculum by ROBERT JEFFCOATE *Writers and Readers Co-operative/Chameleon* (9, Rupert St., W1) £4.95 and £1.95

The West Indian Language Issue in British Schools by V. K. EDWARDS *Routledge* £6.95 and £3.50

Mother Tongue to English: The Young Child in the Multicultural School by DAPHNE M. BROWN *Cambridge* £8.50 and £3.50

Race, Education and Identity edited by G. K Verma and C. Bagley *Macmillan* £10 and £4.95

Future generations will probably be astonished at our response to the presence of black people in this country. They will have a clear record which shows our steady transition from a deeply ethnocentric background, through the doubts of the Fifties, the creeping suspicions of the Sixties, to the convulsions of the Seventies. The record will also show how, in the course of this transition, racism became respectable in this country so that what used to be called the problem of 'colour prejudice' is now everywhere described as the 'coloured-immigrants problem'.

The present titles are a recent sample of the many dealing with perhaps the most problematic of all the institutions. Robert Jeffcoate's book hits out hard at teachers 'who might underestimate what they are up against and settle for curriculum tinkering rather than the radical reform I believe to be essential'. Although avowedly a personal viewpoint, it presents a wealth of anecdotal material together with some abstracts from the still unpublished Report of the School Council's project, *Education for a Multiracial Society*, on which the author was one of the researchers. The great strength of the book resides in acute illustrations of how racism permeates the schools and translates in daily events in the classroom. One of these is the extensive documentation of the racial attitudes children bring into the school from the outside world from a very early age, starting in the nursery school. Lively transcripts, collected from personal experience, run through the book from cover to cover.

In addition, however, Jeffcoate grasps the nettle in a variety of sensitive areas, in a way that is both provocative and bold. Thus he comes out with clear statements on such things as educational objectives – 'the multiracial curriculum' – and tackles head-on the problem of overt racism expressed by children in the classroom and what we should be doing about it.

It is in this respect that the book is also a rather controversial one; for the personal viewpoint, it turns out, is a vigorous assertion of a liberal ideology. Jeffcoate lays particular emphasis on the 'language issue' in a multiracial curriculum, and this is a problem which V. K. Edwards devotes all her attention to. The issue in question is the view, widespread in schools, that the distinct variety or dialect

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of English which many West Indian children speak is in many ways a degenerate version of the standard form, and that it 'interferes' in a variety of ways with their learning of the school curriculum. The book is informative, lively and very comprehensible. In a quite comfortable 150 pages, moreover, scarcely a single facet of the issue is left unexplored. A brief history of West Indians in Britain is followed by a most lucid description of the dialect itself, and this by potent illustrations of the verbal skills of West Indians using their own communication system. Here the point is made forcefully that this is a language in all respects as rich, efficient and functional as any other, and in no sense an *inferior* form of English. The detailed analysis of possible sources of 'interference' which follows should considerably enhance understanding among those who have to deal with it.

In all of this there is a lot of technical material translated into jargon-free prose that will delight many educators. What they will find just as valuable, however, is the second, 'practical', half of the book, where a variety of avenues are explored, each lucidly described and assessed, and where recommendations are carefully drawn up. The wealth of topics here include the problem of teachers' negative attitudes to dialect; the attempts at eradication of dialect; the recent 'bidialectal' approach; and numerous concrete illustrations of successful strategies of curriculum change. Such practical proposals, enlightened by modern theory and a wealth of past experience, are surely what many teachers have long been waiting for.

Daphne Brown deals with language in a more restricted, but nonetheless crucial, sense, providing both a sustained polemic against a particular pedagogical outlook, *and* a collection of tips for teachers. The polemic deals firmly with the popular belief in junior schools that non-English-speaking children will 'pick up' the essentials of the English language without any special attention in the classroom, and will do so in a very short space of time. Again, the data are largely anecdotal, but they include valuable case-studies of two new pupils, Bengali brothers aged 5 and 7, whose communication (or rather lack of it) is closely observed over a term. Here we gain a lasting impression of the insularity imposed on these children as we follow their silent movements through the games-corner, the play-corner, the 'shop', the cloak-room and ablutions – where every mute response to an order, request or invitation invokes the conclusion, in other pupils, that they are 'deaf', 'dumb' or, at one point, possibly even 'blind'. There is little methodological finesse, and not much theory (and, where there is, it is somewhat questionable), but the argument is nonetheless effective, and aims us directly to the practical point.

In stark contrast is Verma and Bagley's book, which is predominantly academic and full of the paraphernalia of sociological and psychological research. It is a collection of papers which are 'concerned with a radical but systematic approach to the study of some of the problems which minority children and adolescents face in white, and largely racist, societies'. The papers provide valuable comments on scientific racism (mainly IQ testing), the meaning of 'race' as a concept, the causes of under-achievement, and the problems of adoption. However, there is also a great deal of superficiality, contradiction and obfuscation. For example, although we are presented with a 'fundamental critique . . . of the whole concept of IQ' in one paper, in another we are told that a measuring instrument (a 'General Self-Esteem' scale) is valid because it has significant correlations with (among other things) IQ tests. Again, although we are wisely advised that 'Whenever anyone is inclined to use the word "race" he should pause and wonder whether there is not another word that will help express his meaning more precisely', this advice is not followed elsewhere in the book.

Overall, however, there is one outstanding impression: that whereas the plethora of psychological jargon, standardised test scores, factor analysis and statistical operations lends an air of scientific accuracy to 'findings', these never seem to be as meaningful, informative or revealing as the observational data presented in the other books. This could be because standardised scales and tests themselves often incorporate covert assumptions about the human material being assessed. Thus they all too readily produce only the 'answers' that the investigator was looking for all along, so that rarely is anything new discovered. It is perhaps worth mentioning that observational methods have been increasingly employed, with great success, in various other domains of social-psychological research, including infant interactions, language development and sexism, to name but a few. Thus a question mark can perhaps be drawn over the very approach adopted in many of these contributions, and in these parts of the book at least it is doubtful whether educators in general will glean much of practical value.

This sample of books is probably quite representative of current contributions in this area. Where problems are specific and well-defined, as with language, much can be accomplished. But where general issues are raised the analyses are often incoherent or superficial. Here we typically find a surfeit of radical rhetoric, but little progress towards the root of the matter. Instead of probing the sources of racism in the various structural facets of society there is a constant tendency to treat it only symptomatically so that the rhetoric inevitably peels off into various idealistic positions. The whole structure and content of British education subserves, and reproduces, class relations in society in general; and these in turn are a potent force in the generation of racism. Until deeper issues like this are brought to bear on their surface manifestations, we may long be doomed to only partial conceptions of the problem and, of course, only partial solutions.

Among this week's contributors:

WILLIAM RODGERS, MP for Stockton-on-Tees, served in Mr Callaghan's Cabinet 1976-79.

JOHN BAYLEY is Warton Professor of English at Oxford. His books include *Tolstoy and the Novel* and *Pushkin: A Comparative Commentary*.

KEN RICHARDSON is on the staff of the Education Department at the Open University.

JOHN MOLE's *From the House Opposite* was published by Secker earlier this year.

LEWIS CHESTER works for the *Sunday Times*. He is co-author of *The Fall of the House of Beaverbrook* to be published in November and of *Jeremy Thorpe: A Secret Life* published earlier this year.

NICHOLAS SHRIMPTON teaches in the English Department at the University of Liverpool.

Alan Brownjohn

Representational

His mother's wrinkled gloves have been warm enough
For the glass of the table where they lie to steam a bit:
These three are sat on gold-painted cane armchairs
In the middle of a spa, the man quite readily benign,
And smiling at the seven-year-old boy, though he hasn't
Much to say, and he sucks a thin cigar.

A lady

In a purple topcoat leaves the counter and brings,
On a green tray, coffees and orangeade, she glides
Into their circle deftly with a quiet, adaptable
Smiling. This December is cold, but the sweet
Orangeade shrills heavenly up the waxy straw, a cool
Perfect runnel over his tongue, it's 1974.

His mother

Is flushed and laughing with the man, there they are
In the great wall-mirror on the far side of the room,
Laughing and flushed the two of them, the freer selves
They could always be if this were only art,
Oh, if this were only art, or even fiction! But still,
Small mercies and rewards hold good . . .

And the little boy

Now draining the last sacramental droplets from the glass
Quite likes the man, and the sun is coming out.
The lady with her emptied tray makes an adult smile
For the adults, and children's smile for the child;
Her petition forms on the counter, to which she returns,
Are nearly filled, so the Ring Road is nearly prevented.

The man

Will have paid off the Datsun in just under five months' time.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Andrew Clements

The Ghost of Klemperer

Autumn record releases exploit the acquisitiveness of collectors; boxed sets proliferate. Some merely reissue collections of discs at bargain prices, to the despair of those devotees who have faithfully bought the individual recordings as they emerged, but others offer big, spectacular recording ventures in a single package. Thus Philips has produced a four-record set devoted to the complete works for violin and orchestra by Max Bruch (6768 065). The soloist is Salvatore Accardo, the orchestra the Leipzig Gewandhaus conducted by Kurt Masur.

Had each disc been released singly it's unlikely that many of them would have made an impact: frankly most of the music is second-rate. But only the first two violin concertos (the second, in my estimation, at least the equal of its more famous predecessor) and the *Scottish Fantasia* are currently available elsewhere. Here we have a third concerto in D minor, a *Konzertstück* and a Serenade, as well as three shorter genre pieces. The third concerto is less original formally than the first two and more self-consciously Brahmsian; there's too little of the very personal lyricism that makes them so memorable. With the exception of *In Memoriam*, an extended elegy, the other pieces all seem to have been either abortive attempts at full-blown concertos or preparatory studies; some of the themes of an *Adagio appassionato*, for instance, show a kinship to parts of the second concerto. But apart from the curiosity value, the records are worth hearing for the quality of the performances. Accardo has emerged over the last few years as one of the finest violinists around, as good in the concert hall as he is in the studio.

Daniel Barenboim's set of the Beethoven piano concertos with Klemperer conducting the New Philharmonia has been one of the staples of the recorded repertory since it first appeared in 1969. EMI has now recut the discs and reboxed them (SLS 5180). Refocussing attention on these performances after 10 years only emphasises their quality. They represent a remarkable fusion of the young Barenboim's fresh response and the octogenarian's strength of musical purpose; Klemperer inevitably appears the guiding force, presenting the soloist with provocative problems of emphasis and control, whether through occasional almost wilful eccentricity or simple, direct musical insight. Strangely it's the early concertos that now seem the most invaluable; in the last decade there have been a number of fine versions of the last two concertos – from Ashkenazy, Brendel, Pollini – but far fewer of nos 1, 2 and 3. As a complete set, however, this much cleaner, brighter reissue is probably the version with which to begin a collection, though I have a soft spot for the set by Solomon from the early 1950s. The two offer very different, equally valid alternatives. By contrast the *Missa Solemnis* has no completely recommendable performance in the record catalogue. Klemperer, predictably, comes nearest to the ideal balance of grandeur and piety, but some of his choral passages misfire slightly. Leonard Bernstein's new version on Deutsche Grammophon (2707 110) is more self-consciously dramatic than Klemperer's but better recorded and sung. None of the soloists is outstanding and their ensemble singing could be more homogeneous; the Dutch choir and the Concertgebouw Orchestra are particularly impressive, however.

The ghost of Klemperer also seems to dog any new recording of Brahms' *German Requiem*. One might expect Sir Georg Solti to offer a performance in precise antithesis to Klemperer's, but in the event (Decca D135D 2; coupled with the variations of the St Antony Chorale) his version is surprisingly relaxed, smoothed out and decidedly introspective in a work that needs the most committed of performances to sustain the listener's attention. Solti has one priceless asset, however: Kiri te Kanawā in finest, most radiant voice. The set is worth buying for her contribution alone to 'Ihr habt nun Traurigkeit'; Bernd Weikl is the baritone, the orchestra is the Chicago Symphony, belying its reputation as a hard-driving, chromium-plated ensemble. It's difficult not to regard Isaac Stern's new Brahms Violin Concerto (CBS 76836) as a cosmetic performance, however. It is technically impeccable; there are no loose ends and occasional phrases are most lovingly shaped. But overall there seems no sense of a whole performance, though much of the slow movement goes well, largely thanks to some very beautiful oboe playing. Otherwise Zubin Mehta conducts the New Philharmonic rather routinely.

Carlo Maria Giulini approaches the gramophone record with some circumspection. His repertory expands slowly, often selecting isolated symphonies from a composer's output to prepare and perform. But there are signs that for Deutsche Grammophon Giulini is building up a Dvorak cycle. The New World Symphony has been out a little while, and now we have the Eighth, with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra (DG 2531 046). As he gets older, Giulini seems to take increasingly broad views of symphonic movements. Thus the first movement of the eighth begins in a wonderful indulgence of string tone and only gradually accrues momentum. It's not the most obvious way of treating the most vernal of Dvorak's symphonies but it proves extremely satisfying, helped by a fine-grained sound. A superior recording also recommends a coupling of Debussy's *La Mer* and Scriabin's *Poem of Ecstasy* by the Cleveland Orchestra conducted by Lorin Maazel (Decca SXL 6905). Maazel's Debussy is middle-of-road – textures well defined, tempi moderate, with only the occasional illogical change of emphasis or sudden quickening. But the Scriabin is certainly the best available performance of the *Poem*.

One of the highlights of the chamber-music releases of the last five years has been the steady stream of transfers of the Busch Quartet. The Busch was not, however, the only string quartet to be recorded before the second world war, though it was pre-eminent. A couple of performances by the Léner Quartet reissued on World Records (SH 318) serves only to emphasise just how good the Busch was. The Léner disc couples the Mozart clarinet quintet and oboe quartet, and the standard of the quartet playing is hardly acceptable nowadays. The leader swoops and slides all over the place, tempi are rarely held steady, ensemble sometimes breaks down. But the two woodwind soloists are superb: Charles Draper in the clarinet quintet, Leon Goossens in the oboe work. Goossens' qualities we know and cherish, but Draper was a clarinettist of similar pedigree. The quintet is a miracle of liquid tone and eloquent phrasing, but the performance is marred by the Léner Quartet's contribution and can best be regarded as a memento of a great instrumentalist rather than as a recommendable Mozart record. Its shortcomings are obvious when compared with a new version of the clarinet quintet from the American group that calls itself Tashi, centred on the pianist Peter Serkin. The quintet is coupled with the Quartet for piano and wind K452 (RCA RL 12863). Richard Stoltzman's clarinet playing is very fine (though not in the same class as Draper's).

Finally, three records of 20th-century orchestral repertoire. Jean-Pierre Rampal's version of Nielsen's Flute Concerto recommends itself (RCA Erato STU 71273). He is one of the best flautists in the world. Nielsen's concerto is the best written for the flute since Mozart's, and it has long been neglected on record. The single drawback to the disc is the second side, devoted to a piece by the contemporary Danish composer Erik Norby, *Illuminations*. It was written for Rampal and thoroughly exploits his virtuosity and command of tonal variation, but the music itself is rather empty. Copland's Third Symphony is already available in a fine performance conducted by Bernstein, hence the release of the composer's own version on a mid-price label (CBS Classics 61869). The symphony was written towards the end of the second world war while Copland was still exploring the populist style, developed through his work for the WPA and finding its most successful expression in the masterpiece *Appalachian Spring*. It is very obviously 'public music' written with an audience very much in mind, and not the most convincing of his big orchestral works. Copland almost self-consciously inserts signposts to guide the listener through the score; hence his incorporation of the *Fanfare for the Common Man* as an introduction to the rather rangey finale. The recording quality is a definite improvement on Bernstein's classic version and a bargain at the price. Unicorn release recordings of two concertos by Hugh Wood (RHS 363), with the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic conducted by David Atherton. The soloist in Wood's Violin Concerto is Manoug Parikian; Moray Welsh plays the Cello Concerto. Wood lies to the right of the artistic spectrum; the form of both concertos is straightforward and easy to follow, the idiom chromatic with very definite romantic leanings. As an introduction to a whole group of British composers this very well produced and performed disc is to be recommended.

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Television

Jonathan Dimbleby

Catastrophe

If Mark Phillips can sell cars for a living then Lady Jane Wellesley has every right to sell conductors. And so, on *Mainstream* (BBC-1) she asked Claudio Abbado about football (of which he knew little) instead of music (of which he knows much). Lady Jane is not to blame. *Mainstream* is a producer's show based on the patronising assumption that you can only take Art to the People by pretending to give them something else. The result is a mish-mash of disconnected incidents linked together by a host of pop-up presenters uttering a burble of inanities – as if to demonstrate that they are no less mindless than they obviously think we are.

Along with Claudio on football, we had Jackie Stewart on old Bugattis and Rex Harrison on poetry. Trevor Nunn was allowed a passionate moment of despair which he used to 'beg this Government' to protect the RSC from spending cuts that would mean 'total catastrophe', but before he had a chance to elaborate his case, they hustled him off to make way for a fun item about 'edible edifices', as a range of chocolate 'sculptures' was archly described for us.

The inspiration for *Mainstream* is alleged to dwell in the spirit of Tony Palmer who wisely scarpered before the first night. Its future – for unhappily it is a series – now rests with Humphrey Burton who is more often associated with delights than disasters. He should do away with the numerous studios which pock-marked the programme, eliminate the nonsense ('if Caesar went down, well certainly the theatre didn't'), cut down the items by half, and urge his Mainstreamers to treat their audience with a little respect in future.

Mercifully *Mainstream* gave way to *Question Time* (BBC-1) which is a new name for an old format. With Robin Day in the chair, flanked on left and right by a pair of fail-safe luminaries, and faced by a studio audience, it is rarely dull. Prompted by a flurry of cogent questions from the floor, Arthur Scargill and Bill Rodgers found themselves in touching alliance as they denounced the Tory spending cuts, whereupon Michael Heseltine made such a long-winded hash of his Lady's case for the social services that Robin Day could not resist asking the Minister: 'How do you make them better by making them worse?'

Arthur and Bill soon fell out when the former urged Labour councils to refuse to 'implement' the cuts – thus brilliantly provoking an explosion of confusion and anger in the audience which until then had been painfully suppressed. Despite Mr Day's courteous authority, I fear that the conflicting passions will soon be so fierce that when *Question Time* returns next year (by any other name) he will keep order in the studio only by filling it with the redundant presenters of *Mainstream*.

In a chilling *Man Alive* (BBC-2) a shifty Sam Silkin and a brazenly bone-headed Sir Melford Stevenson defended the unseemly practice of jury vetting. While the retired judge snorted that it was all 'a packet of hysteria', the former Attorney-General incautiously entered upon a defence of his ministerial record – which was soon shown to be even more craven than his critics might have supposed.

Under pressure from an icily courteous Lord Hutchinson QC, Silkin's laborious apologia for invading our privacy collapsed into seedy evasion. Despite a feeble decision by the BBC to suppress evidence that had already appeared in the *Guardian*, *Man Alive* demonstrated with some clarity how the State can subvert the principles of justice which the Silkins and Stevensons are paid by us to uphold.

Shirley Williams in Conversation (BBC-1) showed that you can hold high office and not get shop-soiled. The darling of the moderates is as persuasive on this side of the camera as on the other. Without hogging the screen, she manages to lace her questions with the kind of comments – 'when we were in Cabinet', 'David Owen said to me' – which establish that she belongs to the same club as her subjects. In such an environment, where so many assumptions are shared, her 'conversations' are relaxed, lucid and illuminating. It is a pity, however, that she has not selected some monsters to go with people like Michael Manley and Andrew Young. Perhaps next time we shall see her *In Confrontation* with Somoza, the Shah, and even our own Martin Webster. Or are statespeople too careful of their image to be seen in such company?

The people at *Nationwide* (BBC-1), which remains insufferable even when it tries to be serious, should take a look at *Pebble Mill At One* (BBC-1) which is neither jokey nor pretentious, whose reporters make straightforward films, and whose frontmen speak in simple language without talking down. *Pebble Mill* is still curious about people; *Nationwide* processes them.

I hope Mary Whitehouse went to bed before the *Sportsnight* Specials (BBC-1), when the Corporation let lots of scantily-dressed girls on ice-skates glide backwards towards me wiggling their bottoms. Sexy of them, sexist of me.

Art

John Spurling

Oh Mother!

A Private View of L. S. Lowry by SHELLEY ROHDE *Collins* £8.50

L. S. Lowry R.A. 1887-1976 *Campbell & Franks Fine Arts, 37 New Cavendish Street, London W1*

Lowry's mother, the most important person in his life, disliked his paintings of industrial scenes. When he asked her what she would like him to paint, she said: 'Little boats at Lytham'. He did them for her, but to the end of her life, for the last seven years of which she was 'bedfast' and cared for by her son, she never took him seriously as an artist or gave him the slightest encouragement. Lowry's father, in his quiet, crushed way, seems to have appreciated his son's work, but Lowry didn't take his father seriously. The cold distaste of a snobbish, disappointed woman whose husband and son were both humble rent-collectors and could barely afford to live on the edge of a respectable area and employ one servant, dominated the household and froze up any hope of pleasure in the secret fortune fate had deposited there.

Lowry was 52 when his mother died and the shell he had grown to protect himself from his mother's opinion could never publicly be put off. In spite of his later popularity, the steeply rising prices paid for his work and the honours proferred by three prime ministers (all politely refused), he remained apparently unconvinced by himself in the role of artist, suspicious of being thought to claim anything beyond the practice of a serious hobby. Yet although the public persona was to some extent a sham – he subscribed to two press-cutting agencies and he was at least interested in the question of whether his work might live after him – and although he was in no sense a Sunday painter, since he had been professionally trained and since painting was the central activity of his life, the fear of coming on as an artist undoubtedly affected his pictures.

They are like the talent in the parable which was buried in the ground. Having discovered his subject – the streets of Salford where he went on his rent-collecting round – and, with the help of an art-teacher (who complained of the confusion in Lowry's earliest attempts at industrial scenes between dark crowds and the dark ground), his characteristic white-ground technique, Lowry went on and on doing the same thing in the same way. Nothing grows or changes: there is the same prosy balance of horizontal and vertical, only occasionally enlivened by a flaccid curve; the same unadventurous range of colours; the same pipe-cleaner figures (too vaguely observed to repay detailed study); the same slightly wonky perspective devices in the middle ground and atmospheric recession in the background. Having found a style and a way of dealing with the sad confines of the life he had settled for, he seems to have been unable or afraid to let it take him further. Topography it was and little more. Just as he never chose to leave his job, until he retired at the age of 65, so he never chose to emerge from that first stage of semi-release between finding himself as a painter and remaking the world as his own vision. The paintings are all first impression – instantly recognisable and intriguing, but cold and unlived-in.

Shelley Rohde's biography is aptly titled. It offers a private view, compiled chiefly from the recollections of friends and from taped conversations which some of them conducted with Lowry. But Lowry being the man he was – cagey and elusive even with his friends, whom he was careful to keep apart from one another – and Miss Rohde being more reporter than interpreter, it is very far from being an inside view. Miss Rohde is not in any case concerned with why Lowry failed to make good as an artist, since she ardently accepts the standard opinion – and quotes many comparative prices to prove it – that the success his mother denied him was amply vindicated by his later sales and popularity.

Lowry never married. From his mother's death on he struck up a series of father-daughter relationships with young women who all strikingly resembled one another. After his own death, when his estate passed to the last of the series who happened also to

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share his surname, drawings and paintings were found which gave the relationship a sadistic dimension: crude doll-like images of the type, wearing huge bows and pressed into stiff, corset-like collars and bodices, often with the faces and breasts bulging uncomfortably over their sharp edges, sometimes with the heads cut off. One of these drawings is included in the exhibition of drawings and small paintings at Campbell and Franks and makes a disturbing contrast with the other characteristically mundane examples of his work, including the loose, doodling sketches (very unimaginative landscape or grotesque figures) which he did in the last 15 years of his life, just when everyone wanted to buy industrial scenes. To judge by this show people are falling over one another now to buy anything he did, and at spanking prices, but I suspect that in the long run his unspeakable mother will be seen to have triumphed. She considered him a freak when he was only a promising artist; by the time she had finished with him he was more freak than artist.

Sport

Lewis Chester

Unmuddied

Shortly after the oil-based chloroform was administered to the *Sunday Times*, the journalists engaged in a truly remarkable discussion. It was solemnly argued by some that it would be irresponsible to write about our benumbed situation as we clearly could not be objective about it. Better far, it seemed, to go unpublished and be damned rather than muddy our sainted reputation for balance. After all, we were still getting paid.

Yet, by racking the definition of sport to its screaming limits I might tell you the sad but instructive story of the *Sunday Times* editorial football team. It is a little-known but objectively verifiable fact that during the past decade one of the world's great newspapers had been able to field one of the the world's worst soccer teams. The story also gives me the therapeutic opportunity to mention certain sporting colleagues who have experienced almost a year of acute by-line withdrawal and will be pathetically grateful for the sight of their names in print. For the *Sunday Times* XI, unlike the *Sunday Times*, still lives and still dreams of greatness.

There is no greater dreamer than feature writer Phillip Knightley, our player-manager, fixture secretary and only begetter, who was 40 years old before he played his first game of soccer. Now 50, he can say with calm hubris: 'I may have started out as a hopeless footballer but on a good day now I can reach the heights of being almost bad.' The memory winces to recall some of the humiliations that Knightley's menopausal obsession has brought our way. On a desolate, rain-blasted pitch outside Wormwood Scrubs we went down 11-1 to the jackals of the *Sunday Telegraph*; somewhere over Gant's Hill way the running dogs of the *Express* savaged us 10-0 and went on to inflict even worse injury a year later on Hackney Marshes. When asked about our match results by unsympathetic colleagues we would claim descent from the African tribe that could not count past three.

But there were wondrous times, too. Mention the Russian Embassy match and Knightley, who bears an uncanny resemblance to the late V. I. Lenin, goes dewy-eyed. An inspired performance in Kensington Palace Gardens on the day after May Day saw us emerge victorious over a team of Stakhanovites and eight (sic) substitutes. Post-match vodkas, courtesy of the USSR, in the Embassy afterwards threatened to dissolve the Cold War overnight. The toast inevitably was to peace, friendship and next year's match. Alas, it was not to be. Before we had the chance to re-engage, Sir Alec Douglas-Home had conducted his famous purge of Soviet diplomatic spies which happened to include our convivial opponents down to the last bulky sub.

Last season we were fantastic: played 14, won 3, drawn 2, and lost 9 without any of our opponents sniffing double figures. Surveying these magnificent results, our team skipper and supersub, Don Berry, was moved to comment: 'Like good claret, we can't help improving with age.' It's true, we have learned a thing or two. For example, we almost invariably play at home, and home for us is the Islington Astroturf. The ersatz, fast-draining surface has the advantage of being unfamiliar to most of our opponents and also helps cut the laundry bill. Oafish we may often be, but muddied hardly ever.

Most of us, however, ascribe last year's great leap forward to the brightened self-image that came with the acquisition of a real football strip – black and amber shirts, vertically striped, amber shorts (monogrammed ST) and amber socks. Knightley had provided it out of funds furnished to him in settlement of his successful libel action against Sir James Goldsmith. Even Sir James, it seems, can't win them all.

In our fetching Jams strip we trotted on to the Astroturf last week ready to crush the trendy upstarts of LWT's current affairs department, another bunch of mediamen without a medium. We'd had some close games in the past but this year they looked like a pushover. Their player-manager and Head of Current Affairs, Barry Cox, had been on the blower to Knightley for days wingeing on about the problems of team selection in these strike-ridden times. A key midfield schemer could not be released from his temporary job with the Child Poverty Action Group, two reliable forwards were stuck with an unsporting employer on a building site. It was pathetic really. When Cox finally got his motley crew together – two directors, two producers, four researchers, one unit manager and one hairdresser – we just could not help noticing that they didn't even have matching shorts.

They slaughtered us. Despite prodigies of valour in goal by our quondam roving reporter William Ellsworth-Jones, the LWT men ran out winners by six goals to one and deserved twice as many.

In the agonised postmortems it was hard to discount the most significant difference in the social realities of the two sides. Most of their team were completing their second month out of work without strike pay; most of us were in our eleventh month of getting a fair amount of aught for virtually nought. They played with the wit and energy of men who still had to hustle a living; we played with the leaden lethargy of men who had almost forgotten what that experience was like.

Knightley was inconsolable until the public outbreak of fresh rumours of a complete closedown of Times Newspaper Ltd. Then, like the great motivator he is, he brightened: 'Don't worry, lads. Next year we'll be just as hungry as they are.'

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Picnic on an Anthill

Children of the Sun by GORKI *Aldwych*
For Coloured Girls who have Considered Suicide when the Rainbow is Enuf by NTOZAKE SHANGE *Royalty*
Throne in an Autumn Room by LENNOX BROWN *Keskidee, N1*

Gorki solved the problem of *The Cherry Orchard*, which his affection and reverence for Chekhov left him determined to admire, by a critical ruse even more familiar now than it can have been then. He made it mean what he wanted it to mean. The nob class were 'as egocentric as children and as flabby as senile old men. They missed their chance to die in time and now they are moaning, seeing and understanding nothing – parasites who lack the strength to latch on to life'. Even the student Trofimov, whom a recent British production managed to elevate into an embryonic Lenin, was a 'miserable' character, who 'talks prettily about the need to work and spends his time in idleness'.

Unsurprisingly, critics have taken Gorki to posthumous task for these simplicities, accusing his inner çar of having been clogged against subtlety, ambiguity, richness of texture; and the diagnosis is no doubt substantially correct. But it is worth remembering that his appreciation of the dead Chekhov was published in 1905, the same year he himself used an unasked-for sabbatical in the Peter and Paul fortress to write the play the RSC now adds to its long and distinguished list of Gorki revivals. Indeed, *The Children of the Sun* may be seen as his politically revved-up *Cherry Orchard*: a wayward and irresponsible squirearchy, more alert to its private satisfactions than to its public obligations; nouveau-riche scavengers, hungry for money and land; Trofimov transmogrified into the sickly, stricken Lisa, who spends the play denouncing her world's cruelties, prophesying a day of reckoning, and advocating self-sacrifice, yet seems unable to commit herself practically even to a like-minded vet, who proceeds to hang himself at about the moment she has half-persuaded herself of her need for him; and, in place of the crazed, starving tramp Chekhov introduces at one memorably climactic moment, an ignorant and aggressive peasantry lurking outside the park gates and, towards the end, actually rioting through them.

The tone, inevitably enough, is far less elegiac than that of Chekhov. There's no place in Gorki for the cello-string that symbolically snaps and echoes across the cherry groves

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with a dying fall, because he sees little, if anything, to mourn in the disappearance of the civilisation represented by his main characters. They are to be judged, sometimes severely judged; yet not, I'm glad to report, dismissed to the ideological Tussauds some of our own radical dramatists have designed for the better display of their own ceroplastic monsters. Gorki's attitude to his landowner-scientist, for instance, is roughly what many of us might feel for some maddeningly wrong-headed yet undeniably good-hearted friend. Pavel Protassov, as he's called, closets himself in his lab, convinced he's taking the first tentative steps towards creating human perfection in a test tube; and yet he's impervious to the disarray within his own family, let alone the dereliction of the world beyond. Meanwhile, the painter Vaguin dashes off elegant nothings on canvas and makes sheep's eyes at Pavel's neglected wife. The conversation compulsively turns, as it always seems to do in Russian literature of the period, to the function of art, the future of humanity, and subjects of parallel intricacy and scope; and suddenly the cast is collectively high on verbal LSD, and actually believing that, in Pavel's conceit, moles can be metabolised into eagles and we can all become 'children of the sun'. Then in crashes what looks like a cross between the Incredible Hulk and baleful Bill Sykes: the local blacksmith in hot and murderous pursuit of his screaming wife. How can he, and the brutalised millions he presumably represents, be left out of Vaguin's aesthetic algebra? Just how are they supposed to evolve into the model citizens of Pavel's sun-bleached utopia?

Gorki is not, as you see, above jabbing his audiences in their collective gut with a frankly crude, 'sudden intrusion of ugly reality, get it?'. He hasn't Chekhov's artistic fastidiousness, and I suppose he hasn't comparable lucidity, depth and resonance. Wry, canny and not-ungenerous observation is, however, here in some abundance, and Terry Hands's direction never allows the characters' more extravagant absurdities to cross the divide that keeps them from self-parody and contempt: not a uniformly easy task when Norman Rodway's Pavel is bouncing, bopping, breathlessly scuttling, or conducting his own high scientific excitement with a handkerchief for baton; Natasha Parry's widow-woman is kissing his feet in amorous awe; John Shrapnel's feisty Vaguin is flinging about his arms and crackling his knuckles in competitive lust; Sinead Cusack's parchment-yellow Lisa is drifting about the stage like the mad Ophelia, and Alan Howard's Ukrainian vet is proclaiming a quieter, more contained despair in accents that appear to derive from the Frankfurt region of Connemara. The trouble, perhaps, is that undoubted excellences come more fitfully than they do in the best of Gorki's work, such as the thematically similar but artistically maturer *Enemies*, which the RSC resurrected with such success eight years ago. Yet, like that piece, it makes its prophetic points with a more-than-Chekhovian punch, and without wantonly blackening one class or idealising another. These half-seeing, self-absorbed, troubled people are sharing a picnic on top of an anthill that runs ten miles deep and cannot explode anywhere but up. It is too late for boiling water or any other cure-all. Cataclysm seems unavoidable. 1917 must come.

Coloured Girls, a series of monologues interspersed with what, given its disciplined verve, ought to be more dancing, is the plaint of an oppressed subsection of an oppressed class and strongest at its most concrete: for instance, in its tale of the Vietnam veteran who drops his two children from a Harlem highrise in a crazed attempt to make their mother marry him. At other times, feminist poetry and defiance tends to dwindle into preciosity and pretension. The show's true ill-fortune, however, is that it's housed in that architectural puff-pastry, the Royalty, instead of somewhere smaller and less bland, such as the amiably shabby Keskidee. There, we've a gifted, bitty piece by a black Canadian of some repute. I felt that its story of the Toronto scallywag who persuades an unemployed friend to pass himself off as an Ashanti prince should have generated more fun; and my African neighbour wished its critique of white 'civilisation' were more biting. I think we were both right and will both be back to see what Mr Brown does next.

Films

John Coleman

Mismatch

A Perfect Couple (AA) *Studio, Oxford Street; Odeons Kensington, Westbourne Grove and Swiss Cottage*
Bread and Chocolate (AA) *Gate Two*
Up in Smoke (X) *Plaza 2*

His own kind of family man, Robert Altman seems to have got the idea for his latest movie from a couple of sources or spurs to action: the wish to collaborate with the songwriter Allan Nicholls – who has acted and co-scripted with him before, and had created a pop group, 'Keepin' 'Em off the Streets' – plus an interest in bringing together two players with fairly small parts in *A Wedding* (the nouveau-riche father of the bride and a randy married bridesmaid, respectively). The result, coming close on the snow-clogged heels of *Quintet*, is a complete surprise. *A Perfect Couple*, which pursues the bitter-sweet progress of a love-affair based on the attraction of opposites, is his most conventional entertainment to date, a mild comedy with lots of music and a happy ending. Altman again co-wrote with Nicholls, got him to reassemble the group for the film (clips from a real launching party appear therein) and uses several songs already composed by Nicholls both as a running commentary on the action and as a contrast to the classical music that announces and accompanies Alex Theodopoulos and his rich, strict Greek family, owners of a vast antique emporium and ruled with a baton of iron by ageing papa. The moustached elder son, Alex (Paul Dooley), meets Sheila (Marta Heflin) through a dating agency, 'Great Expectations', and the movie sets off with them on their first date, picnicking and talking through a concert given by the LA Philharmonic at the Hollywood Bowl, he cracking nervous jokes, knowledgeable about wine and food, she wan but willing, finding the orchestra a nice 'group'. We might take this improbable solecism as an early warning that Altman is about to make things too easy for us. For Sheila is younger than her date and seemingly parentless: her 'family' is that pop group, with whom she sings – and also lives, in an open-plan top-floor apartment over a glove factory in Little Tokyo.

Somehow, more sheer gusto, a Thirties breeziness, is needed to override our awareness of schematisation. Dooley and Heflin play well but without that old black-and-white magic that could have us swallow a dozen unlikelihoods. When, after ups-and-downs, Alex becomes a male groupie ('The people in this bus are my kind of people'), we know it can't last and suspect it would never have happened. He goes home, to discover his beloved younger sister dead, himself disowned by his black-garbed family. So back to the Bowl, with the group *and* the Philharmonic sharing the platform, and big kisses from Sheila over a picnic basket. Inevitably, typical Altman touches keep one intermittently amused, intrigued, waiting about. Once again, we have to work out who's who in Alex's clan and Sheila's gang for ourselves, gradually, and this ensures some complicity. Alex has a side-date with a sexual weirdo, slinking off before consummation; the audio-visual dating agency itself is fun; there's a superb scene in a clinic after Alex has been in a fight and burbled about his ex-wife's almost continuous fainting-fits before running off with a bandsman – stitching away, the doctor mutters, 'How did she meet a saxophone player if she was in bed all the time?' The observation's there, as always, but a sustained gag or device involving an elegant parallel pair, credited as the 'The Imperfect Couple' (the end divulges why 'imperfect'), only adds to the sense of an unusually reined-in Altman twitching his figments into a pattern. After the marvellous scatter-effects of films as crowded as *Nashville* or *A Wedding*, it's as if he now lacks the concentration necessary to make his two principals convincing, fully engaging. Here they too frequently seem ciphers defined by their context.

Franco Brusati is director and part-writer of *Bread and Chocolate*, winner of a dozen international awards and a long time getting here. The affair, built around a middle-aged Italian's leaving his family and a mediocre job for the order and opportunities of German-speaking Switzerland, fluctuates wildly in tone but is held together by a miraculous performance from Nino Manfredi, who reminded me successively of Robert Donat, George Segal and – fleetingly – Olivier. This Nino, also the character's name, stumbles from one job and one catastrophe to the next: inept waiter (fired for pissing in public view), butler for a morning to a millionaire fellow-countryman who dies on him, temporary chicken-plucker, he keeps nearly catching a train home. At one point, he peroxides his hair and fakes Swiss-German till a football international on TV in a bar shatters his cool painfully. At its acrid best, this inventive movie probes the weak spots of both Swiss efficiency and self-control and Italian sentimentality, butch-camaraderie and regional patriotism. Anna Karina is agreeably around as a Greek immigrant with a kid. *Up in Smoke* is comic-strip buffoonery, starring Cheech and Chong, a duo famed in the US for their, like, 'satirising', man, the drug scene: I had a bad trip. The Camden Plaza revives the Taviani brothers' *Padre Padrone* – recommended.

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Weekend Competition

No 2588 **Set by Gladys Over**

The NS is currently advertising for a new Deputy Literary Editor. It occurs to us that it might be entertaining to see how literary figures from the past would have sold themselves with a view to obtaining such a post. Submit applications for the job – not more than 150 words long – from any famous pre-20th-century man or woman of letters. By 2 November.

No 2585 **Set by Farouche Features**

We asked for poems along the lines of the 'typical' NS poem as described by Ian Hamilton when judging the Prudence Farmer Award (NS 14 September).

Report **by Peter Porter**

As I read your entries I kept reassuring myself: there's still a chance; it isn't going to be all Craig Raine and Christopher Reid. Surely the Fullers and Ewart and young Blake Morrison and I will get a look in. Especially me: what better way to a judge's heart? If anyone did attempt a rebarbative piece of Porter, then it didn't show, unless Martin Fagg in Venice fits. We got mostly attempts at 'the ascendant style', which is only fair since the NS did so much to promote it. Perhaps Ian Hamilton's recipe guaranteed as much. I think it also ensured that this wasn't one of the great competitions. Most people set too much store by his teasing aperçus – the food and the tough dictionary words – and built their whole poems round them. Whereas, these should be just hints, requiring the cold eye of a Hamilton to spot their trendiness. Still, I did learn some handy words: piceous, princox, sinciput, sesquigamy, rubiginous, jentacular, ulotrichous, pinguescent, incrassated, fuscous and inesculent. Either the Hamilton analysis is unreliable (since working back from it proved pretty unsuccessful) or Weekend Competition regulars don't read the poems the NS publishes. Too many entries were old-fashioned take-offs of Modern Poetry – its obscurity, far-fetched comparisons and minatory mutter. Some sounded like Noel Coward parodying the Sitwells, and that was a *very* long time ago.

In the end, I decided to go for accuracy and seriousness – were there any poems which might have claimed the aureole of the house style? Only Gerard Benson's and John Lock's: £8 to each. Note how well they end their poems. All this writing about food took some competitors into the lavatory, with variously disgusting results, none nastier than John Wareham's 'a hand gropes towards a smear campaign'. I am grateful to M. R. Macintyre for the haunting line, 'Fifty years from that Pelagian sea'. If I make use of it I will send him a copy of Gavin Ewart's *All My Little Ones*. £5 to the others.

The entry paid we
stroll, then rest, I tailorlike,
Rosa, my rose daughter, decumbent.
The pinchbeck sky

Throws autumnal hints like
puny punches. Rosa
points like a fallen signpost.
Henge: a new item in her

Inchoate wordhoard. A goatlike
gent offers scholarship and

Crisps, his eye on
Rosa's rump. The mute stones
like manners process
asymptotically to the low

Horizon. Over the plain
the granite shadows stretch. GERARD BENSON

MacDonald's,
Autochthonous as lava

Or melted cheese incised-
The teeth of an idea bite

And hunger seizes even those
Whose faith is pure in food.

Like Scete's quiet Abbot tempted
From spare and holy meal, the clean

Connive at fictive conscience, weak
Before available gods.

Saliva summons itinerants to till,
Observance of *pommes frites*,

Novitiate smiles;
And certained thus, empty,

Brief palatability limply fills and
Then hollows us in time. JOHN LOCK

Europe's Bunbury, stretched out
Upon your hammock of *lidi*

Across that 'getting-above-itself' lagoon,
Languidly you blackmail the rest of us

Into stumping up your outrageous doctor's
Bills. Florid and interesting, like all
Professional invalids you are cunning;
And while we cluck compassionately

At your symptoms: slimy palaces, pustular
Stucco, those glum redundant gondoliers –
Slyly you gauge the size of the take.
Valetudinarian city, of brollies and wellies,

Cheap *pasticceria* and pricey boys,
One has to be some kind of a necrosis nut
To get such a buzz from the winter breath
Of quite the *chic*est place to die. MARTIN FAGG

Slumped on a stool, his body is an S
That wants to be a minus sign.

His face is over-ripe Wensleydale
Going blue at the edges.

In overall of sacerdotal white
He guards a row of fonts

With lids like eye patches. Snapped shut
They are castanets. All day he hears

Short-lived Niagaras, the clank
And gurgle of canescent cisterns.

When evening comes he sluices a thin tide
Across sand-coloured lino

Turns Medusa on her head
And wipes the floor with her. WENDY COPE

What! must we dare
to press the hungry hope
into a couplet or two,
scraping thought with a strigil.

or deck a slack dream
with lace and quinces,
copy it fair,
but mark it with an obelus?

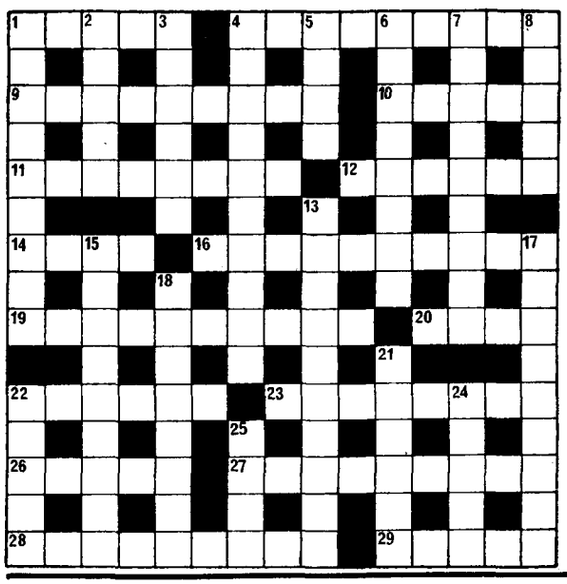
A blown rose crystallizes
best in sugar.
Pure silk is not swilled in
draff.

Down here, the summer sea slips
over patient marbles. Who cares?
Who's Ian
Anyhow? ADA

We regret the unavoidable absence of this week's chess column.

Weekend Crossword 1320

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1320, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 30 October.



ACROSS

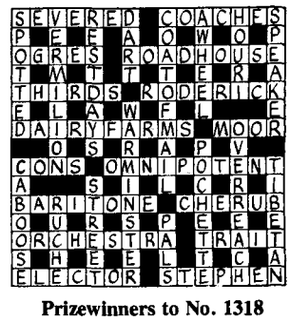
1 Raid although there is nothing in the conflict (5).
4 Hard thing about a role as emperor (9).
9 Music which brings Heath back without a sound (9).
10 Call to account at holding a rebellion (5).
11 Appeals for wisdom in devils (8).
12 South-western part of Europe would be north-eastern if between poles (6).
14 Stretch back for rests (4).
16 Song to draw a large number in the slum (6, 4).
19 Breather needed — it may give one rare sport (10).
20 There'd be a row if this god were beheaded (4).
22 Deity for whom an essential point exists (6).
23 Girl in intelligence just about married to a composer (8).
26 Final result included by a side at half-time (5).
27 The flowers match the paving (9).
28 The constant arrange dates with the flighty (9).
29 Live like the West during a depression (5).

DOWN

1 Being an outsider makes enemy right about rule (9).
2 Go through again and cut down about a hundred (5).
3 Flower which can be made into a weapon by removing its head (6).
4 After journey woman enters evil country house (10).
5 In this gang the animals are back (4).
6 Pleasure-lovers like Mahon (8).
7 An additional clause with protective cover for the villain (9).
8 Run in the next race (5).
13 Drink when there is meaningless talk after you have got into team (10).
15 Assume louts are queer in the head (9).
17 It is plain Nero fiddled without rival (9).
18 Completed discovery about woman being after one (8).
21 Is read freely and lifted (6).
22 Inventor turns dials (5).
24 Love the area for its healthy atmosphere (5).
25 King who sees that waste is reduced (4).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No. 1318



Prizewinners to No. 1318

Helen Schofield
(London NW1)
M. G. Cormack (Belfast)
J. E. Hammond (Plumtree)

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APPOINTMENTS

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ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (POLICY)

Salary Scale — £5,920-£7,948 + £300 London Allowance.

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- ★ Identify areas of strategic importance for mental health services (including mental handicap)
- ★ Promote, revise and extend MIND policies
- ★ Mobilise all available expertise from within and outside MIND on a cross-disciplinary and consumer orientated basis
- ★ Organise MIND's response to requests for evidence and advise on mental health policy
- ★ Service the All Party Parliamentary Mental Health Group, one hundred strong.

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The Assistant Director (Policy) will work closely with the Director of MIND, the Research Officer and Publications Section in addition to playing the leading role in coordinating policy development throughout MIND, its regions and local groups.

Application Form and Job Description from: General Secretary, MIND (NAMH), 22 Harley Street, London W1N 2ED. Closing date for receipt of applications 2nd November 1979.

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We would consider Social Work, Youth and Community and Teaching qualifications as appropriate, but would also be interested in application from candidates who feel they have the experience and necessary qualities to work consistently with young people.

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For further information please write to or telephone: **Miss Helen Walker, Project Leader, Quarrier's Homes, BRIDGE OF WEIR PA11 3SA, Renfrewshire. Telephone: Bridge of Weir 612224.**

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Application forms from: **Langley Hall, Vicarage Street, Oldbury, West Midlands. Telephone: 021-552 1137.**

rbc **The following posts will be available from 1 January 1980**

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The Theatre Arts Degree is vocational and professional in its objectives. It seeks to integrate performance disciplines with textual and analytical studies.

The posts available will be concerned with the areas of study designated as Theatre Workshop and Theatre Laboratory:

THEATRE WORKSHOP examines the acting, textual and historical problems inherent in performing major works of European Theatre. Particular attention is given to Naturalism, Shakespeare, Restoration and Greek Theatre, and Brecht. It is taught by a team of tutors from different subject areas working in the closest possible collaboration. Their concern is to establish the connections among the various activities, both physical and intellectual, which the Workshop encompasses.

THEATRE LABORATORY examines the personal and social bases of theatre, its nature as a human activity. It is concerned with the creation of performance directly from a study of behaviour, both individual and social, rather than from a pre-established text.

The principal functions of those appointed will be to work as tutor-directors in acting, or tutors in theatre studies.

Candidates should hold a good Honours Degree and have areas of specialist knowledge which they are able to view in a broader context. They should also be qualified in **one or more** of the following areas:

(a) They should have professional theatre experience as actors, directors, or both.
(b) They should have research experience with a higher Degree in the history and theory of drama.
(c) They should be qualified to teach theatre in terms of one or more of the social sciences.

Salary: Lecturer Grade II £4,797-£7,476 including London weighting.

Applications should be made in writing to: **The Registrar,** to include C.V. and names and addresses of two referees,

The Rose Bruford College of Speech and Drama,
Lamorbey Park,
Sidcup, KENT,
by 9 November 1979.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS

Research Officer: UK Industrial Relations 1938-78

Applications are invited for appointment from as soon as possible to the above two-year post on a project financed by the Nuffield Foundation and directed at the School by Mr Jack Jones, retired General Secretary of the TGWU, and Professor K. Thurley. An academic background in history and/or industrial relations is essential, and experience of research in those fields would be an advantage.

Appointment will be on the salary scale for Research Officers of £5,073 to £5,650 a year (including London Allowance). In assessing the starting salary, consideration will be given to qualifications, age and experience.

Application forms and further particulars from **The Administrative Officer, Room H.610, The London School of Economics, Houghton Street, London WC2A 2AE,** to whom completed applications should be returned by **29 October 1979,** or as soon as possible thereafter.

'ROOF'

Shelter's Housing Magazine

EDITOR

We are seeking a new editor for Roof. Applicants should have substantial journalistic and production experience. Some knowledge of social policy, particularly of housing, is essential. Roof is an editorially independent, high-quality magazine, published bi-monthly. The editor has responsibilities for policy formulation within **SHELTER** as well as editorial control of the magazine.

Current salary scale £4,757-£5,681, plus London Weighting.

Write for further details to **Grace Quinn at Shelter, 157 Waterloo Road, London SE1 8UU.** Closing date for applications **9 November 1979.**

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Incorporating the Variety Artistes' Federation

Assistant Secretary

(Re-Advertisement)

EQUITY requires a senior official to head one of its organising departments. Candidates should have experience as a trade union negotiator and/or in the entertainment industry. Starting salary unlikely to be below £8,000. Application Form from **Peter Plouviez, 8 Harley Street, London W1N 2AB.**

Researcher

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Applications are invited for this appointment. The duties involve responsibility for major negotiations on Conditions of Service pay and related matters. The successful applicant needs to have a lively mind and an ability to contribute substantially to the administration and policies of the Association.

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Application Forms and further details are available from the **General Secretary, Post Office Management Staffs' Association, 52 Broadway, Bracknell, Berks.** The closing date for the receipt of completed applications is first post **Friday 7 December 1979.** Short listed candidates will be interviewed on **Wednesday 19 December** or **Thursday 20 December at Bracknell.**

SECRETARY

to Organising Secretary of Age Concern Westminster required. Shorthand and typing essential. Ability to maintain good personal relationships with staff, other agencies and the general public. Salary range £3,734-£4,218.

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Applications, together with the names of three referees, should be received not later than **15 November, 1979,** by **The Registrar, The University, P.O. Box 147, Liverpool L69 3BX,** from whom further particulars may be obtained. Quote Ref: RV/813NST.

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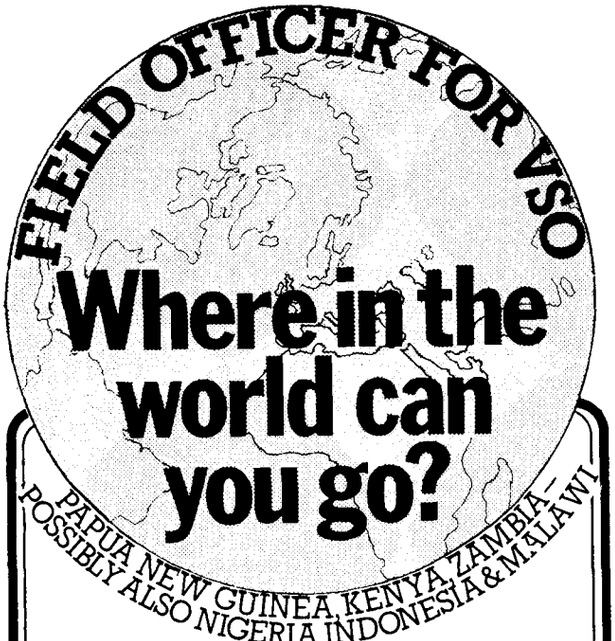
Overseas Appointments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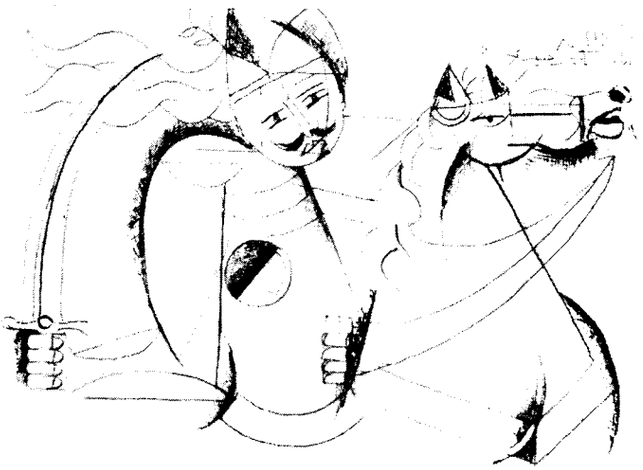

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HAMPSTEAD THEATRE, 722 9301. 'Ecstasy' devised by Mike Leigh, 8 p.m. Sat. mat. 4.30. 'Moving triumph . . .' Felix Barker, Eve. News. 'Astonishingly well observed. Terrific'. Clive Hirschhorn, Sun. Exp. 'No production in London is better acted than this' John Elsom, The Listener.

NATIONAL THEATRE, 928 2252. 'As You Like It', 'Death of A Salesman'; 'Lark Rise' — promenade season all tickets standing. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

NEW END, 794 0238. 'Adam's Apple' by Peter Simpkin. Tues.-Suns. 8 p.m. until 21 Oct.

ROYAL COURT, 730 1745. Prevs eves 8 p.m. opens 23 Oct. 7 p.m. subs Mon.-Sat. 8 p.m. world premiere of David Lan's 'Sergeant Ola and his Followers'.

Cinema

SCREEN ON THE HILL, 435 3366 (opp. Belsize Park Tube). Woody Allen's 'Manhattan' (AA). 3.30, 5.30, 7.30, 9.30.

Poetry

AUTUMN 1979 number of Poetry Wales is first part of a double-number feature on 'Critical Issues'. Sisson on translating Dante, Barbara Hardy on women poets, Rokkan on hymns, John Jones (Oxford) interviewed, 40-page Anglo-Welsh symposium — all in the Autumn number. £1.00 + 10p p. & p. Christopher Davies Ltd, 52 Mansel St, Swansea SA1 5EL.

MATCHLIGHT: British Poetry Today, Orangery, Holland Pk. 8 Nov. 7.15 p.m. David Gascoyne + Edward Storey, Rossetti interludes. 01-352 7409.

THURSDAY 18 OCTOBER at 7.30 p.m. Poetry reading by Fleur Adcock, George Macbeth & Trevor Wadlow at Keats House, Keats Grove, London NW3. Tickets 50p (30p students, OAPs) available at the door or in advance from any Camden library. Telephone 387 6293.

Meetings

THE BRITISH PSYCHO-ANALYTICAL SOCIETY
THE ERNEST JONES CENTENARY LECTURE
POETRY AND 'THINGS HARD FOR THOUGHT'
PROFESSOR L. C. KNIGHTS
(King Edward VII Professor of English Literature, Emeritus, Cambridge University)
Wednesday 24 October 1979 at 8.15 p.m.
University of London Institute of Education, Logan Hall, Bedford Way, London WC1.
ADMISSION FREE

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. Lunch-Hour Lectures, 1.20 to 2. 23 Oct. 'History and Biography: A Controversial Relationship' by Dame Veronica Wedgwood; 25 Oct. 'The Downfall of Astrology in the Seventeenth Century' by Professor P. M. Rattansi.

EALING CAMPAIGN AGAINST CORRIE. Public meeting to fight the Anti-Abortionists. Ealing Town Hall, Ealing Broadway. Tues. 23 Oct. 7.30 p.m.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. Les Huckfield MP (member of National Executive Committee, Labour Party) on 'After the Conference' at 5 Tavistock Place, WC1, on Wed. 24 Oct. 7.30 p.m. Everyone welcome.

MORNING STAR International Bazaar. Gifts from over 11 countries. Folkweave, crafts, cloths, leatherware, pottery, glassware, jewellery and toys. Wine, confectionery, prints. Records — pop, jazz and classical. Books — new and secondhand. Home produce. Make your own badge. Restaurant with hot and cold meals. Children's play exhibition and cartoons. Saturday, 20 October, 12 noon - 8 p.m. Camden Town Hall, Euston Road, London NW1 (Kings X tube). Admission 20p OAPs/Children 10p.

BRITAIN-VIETNAM ASSOCIATION
'Hands off Vietnam — save Kampuchea'
PUBLIC MEETING
Thursday 25 October 7.30 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1.
SPEAKERS: LORD BROCKWAY, JONATHAN DIMBLEBY, STAN NEWENS, JAMES LAMOND MP (just back from Laos, Kampuchea, Vietnam), PETER SILKIN (NUS)
Tickets: Hilda Vernon (Treasurer), 12 Wernbrook Street, SE18. Tel: 01-855 2931

THE CARING SOCIETY, Joint Fabian and Progressive League School, 2-4 November. High Leigh, Hoddesdon, Herts. Speakers: Nicholas Bosanquet, Margaret Bramall, Vicky Kidd, Allan Roberts, MP. Non-members: £19, members £17. Details Gladys Cremer, 11 Dartmouth Street, London SW1 (01-222 8877).

HOWARD LEAGUE, North London Branch, Monday, 22 October, 8 p.m. POA members explain prison officers' grievances and attitudes. Friends' Meeting House, 120 Heath Street, Hampstead NW3.

WHY CAPITALISM needs Immigrant Workers. Mon. 22 Oct. 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. All welcome. Questions, discussion. The Socialist Party of Great Britain.

ICA EVENTS, The Mall, SW1. 19 Oct. 7.30. 'Russia as a Developing Society'. Third World Discussion; 23 Oct. 7.00 Ivor Montagu and Chris Thomas on 'Political Filmmaking'; 24 Oct. 1.00 Gregory Bateson on his new book 'Mind and Nature'. 80p. 930 3647.

THE PARTY of the British Working Class. Communist Party of Britain (Marxist-Leninist). Fri. 26 Oct. 7.30 p.m. Bellman Bookshop, 155 Fortess Rd, Tufnell Park, NW5.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk, Sun. 21 Oct. 8 p.m. 'The Antiquity of Man'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

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